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VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1477.

Original Poetry.

LET IT COME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WALTER WILDWOOD.

Let it come, and be not fearful
What another day may bring,
For the heart that's always cheerful
Feels not half of sorrow's sting
Grief's dark reign is always sincere
Where he finds an easy prey,
Thus when he meets some smiling mourner,
Ill disposed to brook his sway

Let it come, nor idly murmur
At the many ills of life,
As its trials thicken, firmer
Gird your armor for the strife
In the tide of time before you,
Good and ill, for all are held,
But the cross it will not pour out,
Till by earnest force compelled

Let it come, and be not fearful
What the flight of time may bring—
Unseen length and spectres fearful,
Are behind his shading wing
And to all on pain he flesh
There allotted part he bears,
But for him who lighted faith
On the heart that ne'er despairs

Let it come, nor be offended
Should your sky be overcast,
And no light again be blended
With the shadows of the past
Still will hopes of brighter morrow
Cheer your fainting spirit some,
And ev'n though it bring you sorrow,
Stand erect, and let it come!

Sacred field, Ohio

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A REVELATION.

"With wild surprise
As if to startle struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless he stood
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless and fixed in all the death of woe."
Thomson's Seasons.

Oh! there lies
And ever gentle victim—whose most tender
Even darkness much and heaven—what then now art
Thou to me? Oh! wherever thou art I am,
I think thou wouldst forgive him—whom his God
May never forgive—me his own soul.
Byron's Cain.

From the time of his sending the letter to Hagar, Raymond Withers had renewed his search after Rosalia Aguilar with augmented hope and zeal. It was not his purpose to relinquish her so scarcely felt a doubt. Over that high and proud nature, which had bowed before no will beneath the Supreme, he had through the power of her strong affections ever held despotic sway. Now roused by wild and unbridled passion a more difficult task, he set to antagonize the two strongest, fiercest passions of her soul, to oppose her motherly love to her widely affection; and though even by her maternal tears he should fail to extinguish her conjugal love, at least to silence the cry of its clamor—to subdue the voice of duty by the mother. But Raymond Withers was soon to learn that he had not sounded the depths, measured the extent, or tested the strength of the soul he wished to subdue; and how a few months of peace and stormy struggle and suffering had revolutionized her nature; that the tempest into which he had lashed her strong soul had only revealed from what an abyss the waves rolled up in their mighty power, and then subsided into passionless and profound calm; that the conflagration he had kindled in her high heart had only served to consume the dross and leave it pure and cool.

It was while waiting with great impatience to receive letters from two opposite quarters of the world, namely, from Hagar at the Heath, and from Gaspar at Genoa, that he contemplate, and while expecting with extreme anxiety to hear news from that terra incognita, the retreat of Rosalia, that he received in a packet of despatches from the State Department, a letter from Hagar.

Now then!" exclaimed Raymond Withers, as he hastened to his own chamber, and shutting himself up in its privacy, broke the seal of the letter, running his eye eagerly over its contents—they were as follows:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 11th, 1849.—

"DEAREST RAYMOND:—You better, with all its asperities, is lying before me. I received it two weeks since at Heath Hall, I reply to it from my present residence, Washington City. Yes, I have left Heath Hall for many years absence and wandrings perhaps, and this city is only my transient home: passing over the reasons and the objects of this course, I will come at once to the subjects more interesting to your heart than any chance of time or tide that may happen to me can be ever, unless indeed such chance should remove me from the world, which would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished" you think in your present state of mind. Passing also over all that is false in your letter, through all that is superficial in your nature, I lay my hand upon your naked heart and assert that it does not cherish one single suspicion of my purity, that no man on earth or in hell could infuse there one single doubt of my fidelity, because I am true—that is truth—real on your conviction as to my purity, and that your truth will bind us together, that truth will bring you back to me. You once told me that during your long and frequent absences before our marriage, you trusted—to me—the spirit that even in the form of an infant attracted, fascinated, and delighted you—and until passion subverted my reason, and poor soul was drowned in voluptuousness, raised us both as one almost to Heaven. How high, how godlike you appeared to me then, Raymond; aye, in very truth the image of God; your tone could still the wildest tumult, your glance subdue the fiercest tempest that ever arose in my stormy bosom.

"You told me that then you had trusted to me, not *one* of me; on me, for our future union and joy. I quote your own words to assure you that you may now trust *not one* of me, but in me, for our final union and happiness. You faith in me will save you, Raymond; will make you whole, will redeem you, will bring you back. Does this seem strange language to you, and wide of the subject of your letter? So must ever the words of truth and substance seem to one herself of his reason—as you are now—and how can one reply satisfactorily to the ravings of insanity. You are insane, Raymond, as ever your father was in a different way; his insanity was derangement of the brain, yours a disorder of the heart; his madness was mental aberration, yours is moral illusion—Ah, Raymond! how much more frequent, how much more horrible, how much more dangerous is moral than mental insanity! and how much more heroic, instead of man, however it may be met by fools! You are insane, Raymond! yes, brain sick, as well as heart sick now: and in your delirious you would exact that which I must not give you; and you threaten to visit an awful vengeance on my head if I do not comply with your demands.—

I am smiling, Raymond! smiling to recall a scene between a slight and fair-haired youth and his father in one of his fits of lunacy; the figure of the lunatic stood up, tall, dark and threatening, the youth had dispossessed him of a razor with which he was about to cut his own throat. "Give it me! or I will tear your heart out!" yelled the madman, stamping and shaking with fury, while flakes of foam started from his lips. The beautiful boy stood before him pale, calm and resolute; with that spirit of indomitable firmness, of invincible courage piercing strongly, steadily through the soft fire of his eyes, keeping his gaze fixed upon the lunatic until the mighty force of his sane soul cast out the devil, and subdued the "embodied storm" before him! Do you remember that scene, Raymond? I was an infant of seven years old then; but, oh! how my soul worshipped that sublime boy! How my spirit, that soared proudly above every other sublimary authority, bowed before that god-like boy! But now that lofty soul is itself struck down, that fine spirit wounded, that great heart inflamed, fevered, delirious, and soars in its phrensy for a weapon of self-destruction, which I will as soon give, Raymond, as you would have yielded to the demands and threats of the madman the razor that you withheld at the imminent peril of your life. Ask me for a divorce a year hence, when your are sane, Raymond, and I will give it to you—for I would not hold an unwilling mate—no, my God! my whole soul recoils from the idea; but I cannot see obey you, Raymond; painful and humiliating as it is to me, as it must be to me to refuse you this! and more than that, to disregard your *alleged* reasons, and addressing myself to your consciousness, reply to your *real* motives.—You do not wish to be free from your matrimonial engagements for the cause you have expressed—namely, a doubt of my fidelity—no, Raymond! you trust in my honor as you believe in God!—No, Raymond; there was an even stronger motive, if such could be, for your wish. In the whole course of your letter you did not once mention the name of your *compagnon-de-voyage*, Rosalia Aguilar; yet was she the Alpha and Omega of your thoughts! Come! I can think, speak, and write of her very calmly now. You wish to marry Rosalia. Why, Raymond, you will tire of her in a year even if she lives. She is a sweet and loveable girl, yet you do not love her as you love loved and self love me. You will sicken of her sweetness as a child sickens of a surfeit of honey. You will loathe her very charms and graces, her lovely and artless smiles and tones and gestures—that very melody of motion which entrances you now—as only a voluptuary can loathe the poor beauty that he has humbled and grown sick of. And were you married to her then, why then there would be another deserted wife, and where would it stop? Forgive me that I speak to you so, Raymond—it costs me much pain—much more pain than it costs you. To take this time towards you boldness, or, if you prefer estimation, more than you can you. I cannot bear to look at you with any but an upraised glance. Alas! to see you sane, I have to look down with veiled eyes. Rise, Raymond, rise! I want to see you aloft! my heart is made to worship, as it must always love—no, Raymond! annihilate my soul, and the last spark that will go out will be its love.

"I said that you would tire of that poor girl in a year *if she lives*, but she will not live, Raymond; the tempest of passion that you have raised in her tender bosom, the hell of remorse that you have kindled in her gentle soul will destroy her, she is ill not survive the loss of her purity one year. I do *not* know what she feels, how she looks now, but I know that she had frightfully changed even before she left the Rialto, before she crossed what I even dare know. But you know how she looks, you, perhaps, see the rose you have plucked and housed for its fragrance, withering in your hands. You see her dying before you, and you fancy that if you could marry her she would be at peace, get well and live. You think you could cure a conscience stricken soul by satisfying a conventional law. But such would not be the case, nor can I now obey you in this matter of a divorce. Ask it of me this day twelve months, or any day thereafter, and I will do it. I pledge myself to that. Ask it of me sanely, honestly, dispassionately, and I will do it. Could I then hold you bound, if you wished to go? No! though my heart strings are your only tetters, I will snap them to free you.

"But you will not ask me to do this when you come to yourself. I look for this result, confidently, as I expect the storm now beating against my windows to cease, and the moon to shine out quietly, as I watch for the night now hanging over the earth to vanish before the young sun patiently, as I wait for this cold, dreary winter to pass away and the spring to come back. The storm in my bosom has subsided, the night also of my soul is passed. I have suffered and outlived the greatest sorrow a human heart could feel, the worst is over, and my existence is now a better day.

"Poor but kindly!

I am very quiet now; do you wonder at this, and that I write to you so calmly. I who was an unbridled whirlwind, so coldly—I whom you called incarnated lightning! Listen, Raymond—the rage which that current carried you away, seemed to have rolled over my bosom, crushing it nearly to death. I felt the crush distinctly as any other physical agony—the dividing crush of flesh and muscle, nerve and sinew, while with a sharp cry I rolled over like a divided and quivering worm. I was picked up by Mrs. Collins, who asked me what was the matter. I told her that, lying in your path, an obstruction, your carriage had passed over my body, cutting it in two, that onebalf, with my heart, was dragged away with the wheels. They put me to bed, and said that I was delirious—sent for a doctor, who bled, blistered and drugged me. I was ill a very long time. I moaned and laughed, prayed and blasphemed by turns; they said that I was mad, but I was not, not for one moment. Ah! if I had been mad I should not have raved so! for what in all the musings of insanity could equal the horrors of my real experience, my same consciousness? When my veins seemed running fire—when I burned and burned, and held up my hands to see why they did not fall to pieces in cinders and white ashes, consuming as they were in a dry heat. That "lake of fire and brimstone!" it was within and around me! Often I threw myself out of the bed as out of a pit of coals, and in my strong agony grasped and tore at the floor like one shut through the heart might do. Oh! what a rack existence was then! I wished to take vengeance on all who had a hand in giving me life—God and my parents. Suddenly, in the midst of that horrible feeling, I was struck with its awful impropriety, penetrated with the truth of God's goodness and mercy—lastly, of His omnipotence; and then falling again out of my bed, I rolled upon my face on the carpet and implored God in mercy to take back the life He had given, the life that was one burning fire—to give me the profound repose of non-existence—and if this prayer was sinful, at least to annihilate the *self* in my heart. And now, Raymond, for a strange experience. As I prayed all things seemed changing around me—the air seemed stirred with angel wings, I could hear their hushed flapping as they waved a delicious cold dampness that seemed to cool my fevered and burning frame while it solicited sleep; and all this time my heart's wild, but throbs were subsiding coolly, while it filled and filled as a reservoir with peace; and every influence around me said gently, lovingly, "Sleep, sleep," and the last stringency of my eye-lids was loosened, and they fell cool and moist over the burning balls. And I slept and dreamed, a dream of infancy—it seemed to me that I lay across grandmother's dear, soft lap, that it was summer and she was fanning me, while a delicious coolness ran through all my veins, and filtered through all my flesh, exhaling vapor-like from the pores of my skin, as I felt myself luxuriously sleeping, breathing and growing. Then came unconsciousness—and then I woke up renewed, the fever and the agony were gone, I was so cool, so quiet, that but for an aching, throbbing nerve in the centre of my heart I should have thought that I was happy; some element was gone, the fangs of the serpent seemed to have been withdrawn, the vulture had taken wing and left my heart to grow; this was only a pause in the torture, like an interval of repose in travail. Soon your letter came; and, your letter written just on the eve of departure, and it cast me back into the fire, and the same suffering was undergone again. But the same relief came at last. I was getting well. I was up, though scarcely able to stand or to speak, and quivering all over like the recoiling muscles of a torn off limb, when Gusty May came to see me, and the shock of his arrival threw me back a third time into death and hell, for I saw that *he knew all!* that killed the last faint lingering hope I had. It was during this third and worst relapse, that the executions were levied on your property. Well, Raymond, I recovered of this attack also! but it was not until I reached Heath Hall, and until after my third child, our boy, was born, that my health was fully re-established. I am in high health, now, Raymond! and cool, composed, cheerful, strong and mistress of myself. The storm of hail and snow that was raging with fury when I commenced this letter, has passed, and the moon is shining bright, full and clear as a mammoth diamond, and glistening on the silvery snow, its beams fall on my paper and around my head like a halo, a benediction of God, a promise of happier and holier days. Farewell for the present, Raymond, my home and heart are ever open for your return. I do not love you too fercely now, Raymond, for I have all eternity to love you in. You are not just now my Raymond, but I am now and ever thy HAGAR."

It was curious—the effect of this letter, upon Raymond Withers. The first page he had perused with a frowning brow—opening the sheet with a twitch, the second page he read with many a "pish!" and "pshaw!"—the third was conned over with a softening countenance, and at the end of the fourth and last he exclaimed—"What the devil sent that infernal temptation across my path!—poor Hagar!" And then holding the letter behind him, he paced slowly up and down the room, with his head bowed upon his chest, while remorse, tenderness, disappointment and regret, mingled in the expression of his once serene countenance. This was strange in the fact, but material in the circumstances. His affection for Hagar had engaged his whole soul. She was one to be loved long, as well as deeply; her unique beauty, her brilliant mind, her fairy like form from childhood, had supplied to him an inexhaustible subject of occupation, interest, and amusement—she had met and satisfied every want of his nature. It was impossible with her strong and ardent temperament and ever-varying emotions, that she could become flat and uninteresting. Her passion for Rosalia was another matter, a mere delirium of the senses, a moral insanity, as Hagar had at last understood and described it to he, and as he himself now knew it to have been—to Save her—for this passion, continually increased and increased as it had first been by her gratitude and respect, and so approach her with some remnant of *self*-respect. The idea of going to her in any other character than that of protector, benefactor,—to receive her love upon any other terms than those of mere estimation, more than he could not have endured. Let us be plain, we have to do with a human heart, and human passions. Rosalia Aguilar was a beautiful creature, of a very different order from Hagar, of a very different nature, which had bowed before no will beneath the Supreme, he had through the power of her strong affections ever held despotic sway. Now roused by wild and unbridled passion a more difficult task, he set to antagonize the two strongest, fiercest passions of her soul, to oppose her motherly love to her widely affection; and though even by her maternal tears he should fail to extinguish her conjugal love, at least to silence the cry of its clamor—to subdue the voice of duty by the mother. But Raymond Withers was soon to learn that he had not sounded the depths, measured the extent, or tested the strength of the soul he wished to subdue; and how a few months of peace and stormy struggle and suffering had revolutionized her nature; that the tempest into which he had lashed her strong soul had only revealed from what an abyss the waves rolled up in their mighty power, and then subsided into passionless and profound calm; that the conflagration he had kindled in her high heart had only served to consume the dross and leave it pure and cool.

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"Poor but kindly!

I am very quiet now; do you wonder at this, and that I write to you so calmly. I who was an unbridled whirlwind, so coldly—I whom you called incarnated lightning! Listen, Raymond—the rage which that current carried you away, seemed to have rolled over my bosom, crushing it nearly to death. I felt the crush distinctly as any other physical agony—the dividing crush of flesh and muscle, nerve and sinew, while with a sharp cry I rolled over like a divided and quivering worm. I was picked up by Mrs. Collins, who asked me what was the matter. I told her that, lying in your path, an obstruction, your carriage had passed over my body, cutting it in two, that one-half, with my heart, was dragged away with the wheels. They put me to bed, and said that I was delirious—sent for a doctor, who bled, blistered and drugged me. I was ill a very long time. I moaned and laughed, prayed and blasphemed by turns; they said that I was mad, but I was not, not for one moment. Ah! if I had been mad I should not have raved so! for what in all the musings of insanity could equal the horrors of my real experience, my same consciousness? When my veins seemed running fire—when I burned and burned, and held up my hands to see why they did not fall to pieces in cinders and white ashes, consuming as they were in a dry heat. That "lake of fire and brimstone!" it was within and around me! Often I threw myself out of the bed as out of a pit of coals, and in my strong agony grasped and tore at the floor like one shut through the heart might do. Oh! what a rack existence was then! I wished to take vengeance on all who had a hand in giving me life—God and my parents. Suddenly, in the midst of that horrible feeling, I was struck with its awful impropriety, penetrated with the truth of God's goodness and mercy—lastly, of His omnipotence; and then falling again out of my bed, I rolled upon my face on the carpet and implored God in mercy to take back the life He had given, the life that was one burning fire—to give me the profound repose of non-existence—and if this prayer was sinful, at least to annihilate the *self* in my heart. And now, Raymond, for a strange experience. As I prayed all things seemed changing around me—the air seemed stirred with angel wings, I could hear their hushed flapping as they waved a delicious cold dampness that seemed to cool my fevered and burning frame while it solicited sleep; and all this time my heart's wild, but throbs were subsiding coolly, while it filled and filled as a reservoir with peace; and every influence around me said gently, lovingly, "Sleep, sleep," and the last stringency of my eye-lids was loosened, and they fell cool and moist over the burning balls. And I slept and dreamed, a dream of infancy—it seemed to me that I lay across grandmother's dear, soft lap, that it was summer and she was fanning me, while a delicious coolness ran through all my veins, and filtered through all my flesh, exhaling vapor-like from the pores of my skin, as I felt myself luxuriously sleeping, breathing and growing. Then came unconsciousness—and then I woke up renewed, the fever and the agony were gone, I was so cool, so quiet, that but for an aching, throbbing nerve in the centre of my heart I should have thought that I was happy; some element was gone, the fangs of the serpent seemed to have been withdrawn, the vulture had taken wing and left my heart to grow; this was only a pause in the torture, like an interval of repose in travail. Soon your letter came; and, your letter written just on the eve of departure, and it cast me back into the fire, and the same suffering was undergone again. desirous of hearing from Captain Wilde; but, higher, deeper and broader—covering all these, was the thought of Hagar. Ah, God! the more he contemplated it, the more alarming it became.

Hagar, not quite twenty years old, young, yet strong, high-spirited, audacious, proud of *herself*, apart from social position or the estimation of others—of Hagar, beautiful, piquant and provoking beyond every other woman he ever saw—of Hagar, ardent, enthusiastic and impulsive,—but, no! he could not receive the idea suggested by this last circumstance; he could not conceive that his high-souled Hagar *could* become the victim of her ardent temperament. No, he believed as she had said, in her honor, as he believed in God. But some other man's sacrilegious eyes might covet her as he had coveted Rosalia—and she was human and might be tempted. At this thought Raymond sprang up from the sofa, upon which he had been reclining, with a sudden love and anger striving in his heart as Hagar's irresistibly charming face, with its crimson cheeks and lips and eyes of splendid fire flashed in upon his brain as in the days of her highest glory.

"After all, she is mine—my own—I have not given her up yet! and never will—never! I will resist to the death any effort that may be made to tear her from my possession! Yes, Hagar! I may lose your heart, but I will even *stay*, rather than give you up. What right has she to leave her home and travel over the world exposing herself in this manner? and where does she find the means? I know that she travels with her family, for she would die rather than be severed from one of her children, and above all, what is her object? I should fancy that she were seeking me—God grant it!—I could race her, if she humbled herself to seek me—but no, she will never do that. No, if I ever hope to possess Hagar again, I shall have to *woo* her again."

He was interrupted in the midst of his confused thoughts by the entrance of his page, who brought him the post-bag; emptying it, his eye fell upon a letter, directed in the hand-writing of Sophie Wilde. The letter was dated two months back, it had evidently been detained on its passage. It was short, nearly illegible, and evidently written in the most excruciating anguish of mind. It ran thus—

"COUNTRY HOUSE, Oct. 1st, 1849.—

"DEAR RAYMOND: The receipt of your letter, with its most terrible intelligence, made me ill; so ill that for three weeks I have not been able to rise from my bed, and so could not, before this, answer it. Captain Wilde was not with me at the time of its receipt, and is not here now. I had no one to aid me, and forgotten how—so that there was none to act as my amanuensis, even had I been capable of dictating. In the name of God, where is Rosalia? I have been looking, and am still looking with anxiety, daily, for another letter from you, telling me that she is found. A thousand fears and anxieties torture my breast. Tell me, did she form any ill-judged attachment on her voyage out?—and was any one else missing when she went? Tell me, why did you not write daily to keep me advised of your progress towards the place of her late? Raymond, I can scarcely hold you blameless! I require her at your hands! never face me again without Rosalia's ensured safety! Yet, how could *he* me to write to you thus; to you, who must be severely afflicted at her loss. Oh, Raymond! you do not know how much right you have to be so! You are the nearest, the only relative, she has on earth! I have lately received, and now possess, incontestible proof of what I am about to reveal to you—Rosalia, if alive, is your sister, Raymond! the daughter of both your parents——"

He read no farther,—the paper fell from his stiffening fingers, a mortal sickness, nausea, seized him, horror swam in upon his brain, and barely murmuring—

"Oh, my God! what a sink of crime and infamy! I have narrowly escaped!" he fell forward upon his face!

CHAPTER XL.

HAGAR'S RESOLVE.

"I have more alone—and desolate, now, Gertrude
In truth the heart whose home was once in those
Can more feel desolate than the desert
All human hope existing I crush
Alone I leave the tempest and the terror,
Alone I guide my being's frayle bark,
And bless the past with all its good and evil,
Since Heaven still heads above my pathway dark
"At last I taste the joy of self-reliance,
At last I reverence sanity (my own soul)
At last I glory in sense and fortitude
Of all the wrong that would my fate control."
Frances S. Osgood.

I must remind you that Hagar, after reading her husband's letter, had fallen into a reverie, that terminated in a resolve. It was inspired by a reflection upon her position and circumstances. Her husband was married to another woman, and had left her two years old. She had no visible means of supporting herself and these children, for whom especially she wished to procure every comfort and every luxury that was desirable. She had drawn out the little balance left with his banker by Raymond Withers, and had used the greater part of it in paying her debts contracted with Gusty May; and what remained went to defray her expenses at the Heath, and her journey hither, had nearly left. Winter was approaching, and the winters at Heath Hall from its remarkable bleak and exposed situation, as well as from the ruinous state of the building, were felt very severely. Her own and her children's wardrobe was becoming very much the worse for wear, and it was highly necessary that it should be replenished. In fact, poverty, absolute want, was staring Hagar in the face. It was proper that something should be done, to supply her necessities before they became importunate. It was too late in the season now to apply to her husband for relief, even if she could have bowed her pride to do so. A letter could not reach him and its reply come to her before the spring. What should she do? To remain at Heath Hall through the winter was impossible. Letters as the place could be changed, every cold and windy day and every rainy day proved that no room in the house was weather-tight. When it rained the water streamed down in the very best room, as though it would have been in the open air, and the cold was even worse—the air poured in from all quarters, and no quantity of fire could warm the rooms. Tarquinius asserted with great truth, that to make a fire in the parlor, was like trying to heat "all out of doors." I should say, that from the bleakness of its situation the winter came a month sooner and remained a month later at the Heath, than at any other place within the same latitude.

On that particular morning, when Hagar sat at the breakfast-table cogitating, it was cold and dreary everywhere, but it was now cold and bleak at Heath Hall; and the old lady whom Hagar had engaged as a companion, leaving the table and seating herself before the immense blazing hickory fire, declared that while her knees where scorching off, her back "froze." Hagar at first thought of disposing of some of her most saleable property—these were her piano and harp, they might be sold in the neighborhood at about a tenth of their value; but how long would the money hold out in supplying the necessities of her family? and what was to be done when it was gone? Hagar was wonderfully if there were nothing she could herself do for a living; but she was forced to reject every plan that presented *itself*. Was it needle-work? How should she live by her needle, who had not sufficient knowledge of that branch of industry to serve her in making and repairing her own wardrobe? Teaching? Ah! that was even worse. If to live by needle-work was difficult, to live by teaching was impossible. Hagar's intellect was like her own favorite forest haunts, strong, vigorous and brilliant, but wild, tangled and unculti-vated. She had especially laughed Lindlay Murray's grammar out of countenance, asserting that she could never comprehend it; and as for arithmetic, she refused to try—so that in these two highly "important" branches of a good English education," Hagar was wofully deficient, but for lost hatred to attempt to teach what she did not know. Still her thoughts reverted to her piano and harp, and it was while thinking of their sale that it occurred to her that she was in possession of one splendid and unemployed talent, which the sudden thought sent a thrill of joy through her heart, as she blessed God for the gift and for the present inspiration.

She recollected hearing Raymond often say that her voice was admirably suited to concert practice—that he had heard all the celebrated singers of the day, and had never heard a voice or an execution like hers. She recollected to have heard that professional singers frequently made large fortunes. She remembered also hearing that several of these artists were deeply respected for the virtue and even for the piety of their private lives. There was nothing in Hagar's pride to prevent her embracing this career—her pride was strictly *personal*. She could not have been proud of her descent, of wealth had it all possessed it, of social position, or of any other external circumstance whatever—but she was proud of herself, that self that came alone into the world, and would go alone out of it. Hagar quickly decided upon her course. She was not one to hesitate for the comforts, refinements and elegancies of life that had grown into a habit, and a necessity, without an effort to retain them, and which she must resign without this or some equally lucrative plan of life. To this career she was drawn by her peculiar taste and genius; this would give her an opportunity of seeing that "world" so attractive to her eager and inquiring mind, and hitherto so completely hidden from her. In five minutes from the first inspiration of the idea, Hagar had laid out and matured all her plans. She determined on her own responsibility, to have a sale and disposse of all her personal property that could be got rid of at any price, and with the proceeds to take her children and governess to Washington or Baltimore, and in one or the other of those cities to employ her musical talent in the most profitable manner. While thinking over these matters, and before rising from the table, she was startled by a rap at the door, apparently intended to be but-end of a riding whip. To her quick "Come in!" Gusty May opened the door, looking half savage in his haggy, white box, great-coat, leather leggings, and lounging cap, and carrying in his hands a brace of canvass-back ducks. This was the first time he had been at the Hall since his banishment thence. She started up gladly, to welcome him.

"Good-morning, Hagar! may I come in?"

"Oh, yes, dear Gusty!—I am so delighted to see you!" exclaimed she, with brightening eyes, extending both hands to him.

"Ough!—sight of me is good for sore eyes, ain't it?"

"Yes, indeed, Gusty, my best friend, why have not you been to see me all this dismal long time?"

"Why have not I been to see you?—come, that will do. What did you tell me, the last time I was over here?"

"True! I recollect—I told you not to come again, unless you came with your mother, and I was right, Gusty; it was proper, both for your sake and for mine that this should be so; only just now, Gusty, surprised and pleased at seeing you, I forgot myself for an instant."

"Yes! well! I came over here this morning, and took the liberty, Hagar, of shooting a pair of ducks on your moor. The bishop has come down to confirm at the church next Sunday, to-morrow, you know, and I thought that I would like to carry mother a pair of ducks to help out with the dinner, as the old bishop is very fond of our canvass-back ducks, and so, Hagar, having bagged my game, I could not pass the Hall like a poacher, without looking in."

"I am glad to see you, Gusty, notwithstanding all that I have said—do not I look so?"

"Ough! yes, dear Hagar," said Gusty, now for the first time seating himself in a chair, near the fire, and setting his hat upon one side and the pair of ducks on the other.

"We caught—at least Tarquinius did—a true drum, yesterday evening, it is more than we shall use in a week, don't you take half of it over to the cottage, Gusty?"

Gusty mused a moment, and then replied—

"No! I be hanged if I do, Hagar! You are very good, and I thank you, but the inmates of Grove Cottage have used you too badly, Hagar! had forgive me for remembering and repeating it; but they have not deserved the slightest favor from your hands, Hagar!—I do not know how you can forgive them!"

"See here, Gusty!" said she, laying her small hand affectionately on his arm, "they acted as their nature made it necessary for them to act, and their conduct does not grieve or anger me in the least; perhaps it inspires some contempt—but no, I take that back for your sake, Gusty, and I assure you that their treatment gives me no pain. It is only from my heart I pity the poor creatures over me, to torture me! if you, Gusty, had turned rascal on my hands, that circumstance would have caused me some suffering—but people I care little about! nonsense!"

"Well, you are wonder, though!" said Gusty, with a look of deep distress.

"Yes, it is your mother, poor boy! Never mind, Gusty! take heart—she is an excellent woman for all I and not the less so, because she cannot comprehend me!"

"Don't let us talk any more about it, please!" said Gusty, with a look of deep humiliation.

After a few minutes Gusty arose to go, saying, in an imploring voice, as he put on his hat and took up his ducks—

"Hagar! if I can ever be of any sort of service to you, for the Lord in Heaven's sake, do let me know—will you?"

Hagar mused a moment, and then replied—

"You can be of great service to me, Gusty!"

"Ough! I'll tell me—how? where? when?" exclaimed Gusty, gladly, dropping his ducks, doffing his hat, and resuming himself.

"Not now! this is Saturday—come over and spend Monday evening with me, and I will tell you."

"Ough! you, Hagar!—thank you for this mark of confidence. I will certainly come. Good-by, dear Hagar!"

He caught her hand, shook it heartily, and left the house. Even that day Hagar employed with the preliminaries of her preparations. Gusty May was faithful to his appointment, and Monday afternoon found him at Heath Hall. Hagar's tea table was waiting, and the old lady, her companion, was with her. The mystery of useless darkness, for so far from having cast any light upon the subject of the flight it had announced, Captain Wilde's letter expressed a fant hope that Fanny might possess some clue to the fate of her adopted daughter.

"I had firmly thought of Gusty and was preparing to go and try to soothe the anguish she believed he must be suffering, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Gusty ran in with his countenance and manner highly excited as by a strange joy, exclaiming, screaming, as he waved the letter in curious above his head—

"Hip! hip! hur-ra-a-a-a-a, mother! three times three now, mother! and special thanksgiving next Sunday, for this good, this great, this glorious

...a long
...nished from each lip and ear,
...ee words of wantonness or fear.'

"...heard it—and I remember her sad fate."
"...ou will understand, then, why it is unpleasant to me to allude to her dark story."
"Yes, of course."
"Farther than is positively unavoidable?"
"I know! I know!"

"Then these are the facts lately revealed to me by my deceased brother-in-law's attorney—and this was the manner of it. We had been out here something like four or five months when I received a packet of letters and papers from Mr. Linton, my late brother-in-law's attorney, and my colleague in the guardianship of Rosalia and her little property—with this packet of letters came *one* letter, sealed and superscribed in a hand-writing, the sight of which made my heart leap to my throat—the hand-writing, in fine, of my only sister, my dead sister, Rosalia. In truth, it seemed like a missive from the grave. It was directed 'To Sophie Withers—care of T. Linton, attorney at law,—to be delivered according to its address, on the 1st June, 182–.' *That was Rosalia's eighteenth birth-day*."

Sophie paused. Gusty waited in breathless impatience. She seemed strongly disinclined to recommence the recital that she had abandoned at the very outset.

"Well!" at last ventured Gusty, "Well, Sophie?"

"Alas! why have I to tell this story—I do so revolt from it, Gusty! I walk around and around it, fearing to approach it!"

"Don't, then, Sophie," said Gusty, with an effort at magnanimity, but looking very anxious.

"Yes, I shall have to tell it—and may as well brace myself to the task now as at any other time. Listen, then, Gusty, and I will endeavor to condense the story that was revealed to me through some half a dozen long letters, and *proved* by some half a score of tedious documents. You remember my sister Rosalia, Gusty?"

"Like one of the glorious visions of my morning of life—*yes*."

"Yes, she *was* gloriously beautiful—of *your* Rosalia's complexion and style of beauty, but with a sparkling vivacity, flashing like sun-light through every look, and tone, and gesture—Rosalia Churchill's first effect upon a stranger was electrical. Well! soon after we were left alone by the death of our brother, Mr. Aguiliar, a young merchant of Baltimore, came down to make or finish a large contract for tobacco, from Mr. Gardiner Green—he saw Rosalia at church on Sunday; on Monday got himself presented to her by Mr. Green, who brought him to the Hall. He came every day to see us. At the end of a week he returned to Baltimore, but came back in a few days. At last he proposed for Rosalia, married her, and carried her off to his city home. Rosalia was very young and very thoughtless, and perhaps her husband was a little selfish, and did not wish to be troubled by the poor country relations of his beautiful but penniless young wife—at least that is the only way in which I can account for the estrangement between us that followed her marriage. I wrote to my sister frequently, and at first her replies were copious, her letters filled with vivacious descriptions of gay city life—of dress, visiting, and receiving company—of balls, plays and concerts, &c., &c., &c. This continued a few months, and then our correspondence began to die out. Her letters were short and few, and filled with apologies. I never remonstrated against this, because, you know, that is not my disposition. At last—and this was near the close of the second year—a longer interval of silence than usual followed my letter to her. I felt a *diffidence* in troubling her with two letters at a time, for I felt that she was a fine fashionable lady, and just then I was almost a pauper."

"I guess it was your quiet *pride*, Sophie."

"I am no moral philosopher, and I do not know whether it was pride or humility that prevented me for some time from writing a second letter to her; but at last I grew so restless about her—I felt so interested in her domestic affairs—she had been married more than a year, and I was anxious to know whether she had a baby. Sometimes I thought she *had*, and that the care of it prevented her writing to me, so I wrote and asked her in so many words. Her reply came, after a long time. She told me she had a little snowy-skinned, golden-haired, sapphire-eyed girl, who was said to be the picture of herself. Of course I thought, naturally enough, that the child was her own. I could think nothing else. She had not *said* so, but could I infer anything else, Gusty?"

"Certainly not."

"You see she entered into no details except very minute ones about the baby's beauty, dresses, habits and christening. This revived our correspondence for a little while—only for a little while—it died out, and finally ceased altogether. It was a year from this that I was married to Mr. Withers; and it was in the second year of my marriage that I was so unfortunate as to lose my only sister and her husband by the then prevailing epidemic. I was appointed by will, guardian, in conjunction with Mr. Linton, of the infant orphan, Rosalia, and was summoned to Baltimore, to receive her into my care. I went, and brought home the baby, Rosalia, without a single suspicion of who she really was. I was attracted to the child; I loved her, but not for anything of my sister that I saw in her, for there was really nothing. Superficial observers might fancy a likeness, because they both had the same snowy skin, tinged with a faint rose-color on the cheeks; the same glittering gold hair, and the same azure eyes; but to my searching eyes there was not a single look of my sister about her. There was a startling likeness to another—an unfortunate, whose strange sad fate was as incomprehensible to me as this child's alarming resemblance of her. Still—so far was I from suspicion—so little given, as you know, Gusty, to marvellousness or romancery, that I considered this extraordinary likeness as mere fancy in me until Mr. Withers also remarked it, in great agitation, and even *then*, I set it down as accidental. Mr. Withers grew very fond of her, and she of him. She was the only one who could subdue the tiger in his heart during his fits of phrensy. You know we brought her up as our niece, and loved her so much that had we heard that she was the child of the bitterest enemy in the world, we could not have loved her any less. The panic caused by the extraordinary likeness passed away with years, because, in fact, as she grew up this resemblance declined, and her air and manner became assimilated to mine, so much that people saw, even through the marked difference of complexion—what they called 'a family likeness' between two of no kin. Children *do* thus grow to resemble those who bring them up—in case they love them. I believed her to be my niece, and only regretted that she had not been my daughter. You may judge, then, with what surprise I received this packet of papers from my coadjutor, Mr. Linton, accompanied by his own letter—shall I read it to you, or tell you of its contents?"

"Is it long?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me."

"Well then, listen; it appears that a few days before the death of Mr. Aguiliar, he sent for his lawyer, T. Linton, and requested him to draw up a will, in which he left the remnant of his wrecked property to his wife Rosalia. Within a fortnight after the funeral of her husband, my sister was struck down by the epidemic to which he had fallen a victim. On the day previous to her decease she requested an interview with Mr. Linton. He obeyed her summons, and at her desire, drew up a second will, by which she bequeathed to *her daughter, Rosalia Aguiliar*, all the property so lately devised to herself. She signed this will, and returning it to him, requested him to keep it *for exhibition to her relatives*, and to draw her up a copy, substituting the name of *Rosalia Aguiliar Withers*, and to keep this in reserve, for, said she,

"'The *first* will, will not give her any right to the bequest, because she is not my daughter.'

"'Then why say so in the first will,' inquired the lawyer.

"'Because I do not wish to send the orphan, *orphaned* into the world. As my own child, my relatives will naturally receive Rosalia with affection—the *prestige* of family will be about her. As my adopted daughter, they may possibly look upon her with aversion as an interloper, who has deprived them of an inheritance. I do not say that it *will* be so, but I *do* say that this is so natural, so human a possibility, that I do not wish to risk it. I wish to cover my baby, my child; she *is* my child in affection, if not in love—I wish, I say, to shelter her with *love* during the years of her infancy and childhood, and during these years you must only produce the *first* will, unless the discovery of her real parentage makes it necessary to produce the second, which will secure to her the property under *all* circumstances. I have prepared a letter, in which I have given the history of my adoption of Rosalia Withers, and which I shall confide to you, to be delivered to my sister on Rosalia's eighteenth birth-day, or before, if unexpected circumstance should make it proper to do so.' Well, she entrusted him with both wills, the real and the ostensible one, and with the letter explanatory of the whole matter. Gusty, I am exhausted; shall I give you the letter to read, while I take a little repose?"

Gusty looked at Sophie—she was pale and trembling with nervous exhaustion.

"Oh! I am a brute! a brute! not to have noticed your fatigue; but I was so interested in Rosalia—give me the letter, Sophie, and lie down."

"It will tell you all that you wish to know, Gusty," said she, rising, and handing him the letter.

He received it and left the cabin, saying to himself, "Sophie is not so strong to endure as she was—her heart is breaking under reiterated blows." Passing Captain Wilde, and promising to be back to dinner, Gusty hastened to his own ship, and retired to read his letter, which, with its revelations, reader, shall be reserved for the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

ST. GILES.

London has its St. Giles as well as its St. James—its Seven Dials, Saffron Hill and Duck Lane, as well as its Strand and Regent Street. We sometimes talk largely of poverty in America; and, indeed, some of our cities are not strangers to it, as they should be. There *is* suffering and want even here, but it is as nothing when compared with that of the European cities and even country villages. New York and Philadelphia, and indeed the goodly city of Boston, have each their "mysteries," which, if unfolded, would shock the boldest eye; but when contrasted with "the hidden things" of London or Paris, they dwindle away into mere shadows. The poverty of our cities (there may be said to be none in the country) is generally imported—it is not American.—There are few native-born Americans who ever get so low as to beg from door to door for bread. There is a natural pride which saves any of us from such a predicament—and heaven be thanked for implanting such a pride in our breasts!—Wretched poverty stares one in the face at every step he takes in England, whether in town or country. Beggars swarm in the streets, in the alleys, in the country roads and fields. There are in England and Wales three millions of state paupers, besides the thousands of miserable wretches who keep aloof from the Poor-House by begging and imposition.

St. Giles, in London, is a large district or quarter, where poverty and the lowest species of vice abound. It is crowded by a half-Irish, half-English population, of all occupations and no occupations, guilty of all manner of vices from petty thieving up to cold-blooded murder. While I was in England, the London Statistical Society appointed a Committee to examine the sanitary condition of Church Lane, St. Giles; and a friend of mine, who was on that Committee, gave me some appalling facts, which the Committee gathered from personal observation. I give a sample of them: The Lane is three hundred feet long, and contains thirty-two houses. It is lighted by *three gas lights*, and water is supplied three times a week, but no tanks or tubs were to be found. The first house which the Committee visited contained forty-five persons, and only six rooms and twelve beds! The windows were broken in—a really beneficial thing—and filth abounded everywhere. In the second building, there were fifty persons, and only thirteen beds. In the third there were sixty-one persons, and only nine beds, averaging seven persons to a bed, and those of both sexes, all ages and conditions! When it is remembered that these buildings are low, small and wretched, the rooms mere pens, some idea of the wretchedness of their occupants can be formed. This is only a fair sample of the thirty-two houses in the Lane, all of which they visited. In a lengthy report made by this Committee, and printed for the use of Parliament, they say:

"In these wretched dwellings, all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children,—the sick, the dying and the dead, are herded together, with a proximity and mutual pressure which the brutes would resist: where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life, where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost."

Such is the picture drawn by Englishmen of British poverty! In this region, splendid Vice never sets its foot. Here there are no attractions towards Sin, but its lineaments gleam out in all their horrible truth. The expert young gambler never dreams of coming here, but a few years will probably leave him here or in a worse place; the prostitute of Regent Street does not think of the dark, dismal haunts in Church Lane; but she is sure to wind up her sad career here. There are in London eighty thousand public prostitutes; and (what is almost impossible to believe, yet is strictly true,) fifteen thousand of them are not sixteen years old! Where do they all come from?—where do they go?—are questions naturally asked. They come—many of them—from the respectable classes, from sudden poverty, seducement or a love of crime. They all finish their education in crime and misery in the region of St. Giles, and this makes it what it is—the wretchedest place the world ever saw. Gentlemen who have devoted their lives to the eradication of city vice and misery, say that, in London, the great, chief cause of prostitution, is *poverty!* If this be so—and no one who examines facts well-substantiated in the matter can doubt it—what a responsibility rests on those who keep a country in such a condition that honest labor is no preventative against starvation! Where honest labor *will not* procure bread, and vicious deeds *will*, be sure that crime will abound.

In company with a friend, I put myself one night into the hands of a policeman, and slipping a half-crown into his palm, told him to take us over the worst parts of St. Giles, and into some of its worst haunts of sin and misery. We first entered Church Lane, where our guide told us we should see the worst specimens of wretchedness to be seen in all London. The first building we entered was a Lodging House, or at least an old sign over the door said so. The policeman rapped at the door—it was nine o'clock at night—and the keeper, with a sickly lamp, came to the door, and knowing his object, invited us in. The guests had all "turned in," he said, or nearly so,—on the floor of the room answering to a bar-room in this country, there lay stretched over a dozen persons, and he told us the other rooms were full. Taking a lamp, he led the way into the other rooms—in some there were beds spread on the floor, in others old blankets, but the floors of all were so closely packed with men, women and children, that it would have been impossible to have wedged in two more persons in any one of the rooms! The sight which they presented to us was disgusting at first, and finally appalling. Dirty, bloated and feverish, the poor creatures seemed actually roasting with the heat of the room, and the atmosphere was most foul, notwithstanding the windows were generally broken out. We asked the keeper his usual charge for lodging, and he answered "Two pence!" He must, to pay his expenses, entertain a large number of lodgers, at so small a price per man.

From this place we passed into another street to a little tavern, or pot-house, which is a general resort for thieves and all manner of bad persons. The bar-room was crowded, and beer was drank in large quantities while we were present, but the thieves seemed to surmise that our guide was an officer, for they attempted no "game" upon us.—(Our guide was one of the "detectives," and not dressed in the common uniform.) The officer told us that such and such a one had been in jail, one for theft, another for counterfeiting, and still another for manslaughter. But the majority were criminals of the lowest grade, guilty of bestiality, drunkenness, petty thefts and prostitution. Every one wore the marks of a hard life, and in the light of their eyes I saw a miserable sadness, that told too surely to be mistaken, of the mental hell they all were in, disguise it as much as they would.

As we passed again out into the open street, the watchman told us of the many of his fellows who had been knocked down and even murdered in this region, and of the danger that even we were in at the time. The street now looked fit for dark deeds; no walkers were to be seen, and the sickly, feeble light of the lamps only added to the gloom of the region. As we were passing down a dark alley, the noise of revellers startled us from our meditations. We passed by the building containing them, the policeman saying, "It would not be safe for us to go in there now, but if it were, I could show you sights you would refuse to believe possible, even from my lips. A St. Giles ball is going on above our heads in that long room and in all that is horrible, criminal and bestial, it caps the climax to all sights to be seen here."—We stopped for a few moments and listened to the uproar above us. Shouts and screams ever and anon broke in upon the night's stillness, and sensual laughter and drunken conversation mingled with the noise of dancing feet, made the scene any thing but a pleasant one. "Let us be moving from this place," I said, growing uneasy with the thought that we were surrounded with desperadoes, who, if civil to the policeman, might not be to us, if they discovered us.

"One more sight, and we will go," he answered, and we hurried along to a St. Giles Theatre—a small and dingy-looking building, where, for a penny in the gallery and threepence in the pit, one may gaze at "the legitimate drama!" Such an audience I never saw before nor since. Crowded compactly in pit, boxes and gallery, were several hundred of the lowest characters, principally prostitutes and thieves. Boys and girls, varying in age from six to sixteen, were here gazing at plays openly immoral, inculcating the most vicious sentiments and actions. But there was no need of moralizing in such a manner—young as they were, probably they had learned *at home* to act far worse in real life than the heroes in the play acted in fictitious life! Moral sentiments were groaned and hissed at by the audience, and any bravado language, any billingsgate slang, or sensual inuendo, brought down the whole house in applause. I was glad to get out of such a "breathing hole of hell," and breathe the pure, clear air of the street. This was the end of our night's visit to St. Giles, and I was glad to get safely home away from such horrible realities.

☞ ETIQUETTE OF A DINNER PARTY.—"Married ladies precede the single. The lady of the house is the last to enter the dining-room. People who are engaged walk together. Ladies do not dine with gloves on, and are not asked to take wine by gentlemen. There must be a salt-cellar for every two persons."—*London Journal*.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints*.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. ke

THE DESERTED WIFE.

We expect to conclude this profoundly interesting story in next week's paper. Its length has greatly exceeded our own and the author's expectations—but there seemed to be so much to be told, and the interest was so admirably sustained, that we could not find it in our heart to advise her to cut it short. Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have engaged Mrs. Southworth as a regular contributor, and that they will frequently hear from her in the future. Hereafter, the back numbers of the "Deserted Wife" will not be sent to our new subscribers, unless they particularly request it. Those wishing full numbers of it, had better write soon, for our extra edition is nearly exhausted. We have other novelties in store for our readers, of which more anon.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important news from Europe since our last paper, is a report from Paris that "the French Ambassador at St. Petersburgh had forwarded despatches to his Government, intimating a change in the hostile determination of Russia in its disagreement with Turkey. So far from forcing matters to extremities, Russia expressed itself anxious to settle the difference quietly, provided no warlike interference was threatened on the part of England. The same rumor was prevalent at Vienna on the 21st instant." If these reports be true, the Czar has ignobly retreated from the ignoble position he had taken, and acknowledged that he does not consider Russia and Austria as yet a match for Turkey and France and England. But his reason for taking a step that would arouse against him the two great powers of Western Europe is still shrouded in mystery. It may be, however, that, judging from the imbecility shown by France and England in relation to Hungary, the Czar had concluded they would not fight for any provocation. For we do not believe that Nicholas would pause for any idle protests which might be made,—no, nothing but the stand taken by England and France that they would *fight*, if need be, for the independence of Turkey, has prevented the subjugation of the Ottoman empire. Probably the Czar thought that if England would not take up the sword for the Protestant Magyars, she would not risk a war, with its dreaded burden of debt, for the infidel Turk! He forgot that it is "the last drop which makes the cup run over."

The Emperor of Austria, awakened to shame by the execrations of Europe, has ordered Haynau to cease his butcheries for the present. Haynau was so indignant at finding his occupation gone, that he is said to have resigned his post. Arrests were still being made, however.

It is now asserted that Hungarian notes issued by Kossuth will be repudiated, and the owners will receive an indemnification of 25 to 30 per cent. If this be carried out it will ruin one half of the landowners, merchants and peasants of Hungary.

At the last advices the English and French fleets were assembling near the Dardanelles. The French envoy in Paris is said to have declared to M. de Tocqueville, that if the French fleet approached the Dardanelles, Russia would consider it just cause of war. We shall see.

According to reports from Pesth the crown of Hungary is now in England, whither it was sent by Kossuth. Szemere was in league with him; and on making his escape from Widdin executed the commission of carrying off the crown jewels to London. This statement explains the report that Szemere had stolen some very valuable trinkets belonging to Kossuth—a report which, from the very commencement, met with no credit.

Klapka and the Hungarian officers who served at Comorn, were received at Bremen with great manifestations of popular enthusiasm. 160 of them are expected to take shipping at Bremen for New Orleans. We trust that the inhabitants of whatever American city they first land in, will take measures to show their admiration for these brave men by suitable demonstrations—not forgetting that strangers in a strange land need sympathy and counsel quite as much as public dinners and "three times three."

In France the trial of the June insurgents has been progressing at Lyons. Of 18 tried, all but one were acquitted, and he was sentenced by default, as he had made his escape.

It is reported, and generally credited, that a considerable movement of foreigners and ultra-democrats from the departments is taking place towards Paris, with what object is not yet clearly ascertained. Can this be a modern imitation of the famous march of the Girondists upon the capital, in the Revolution of '98?

The Germanic States, annoyed at the prospect of being domineered over by Austria and Prussia, are forming an alliance to counteract the new "dodge." Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Hanover, have taken umbrage at the conduct of the two great powers, and out of this quarrel, events may spring, calculated to serve the cause of "fatherland."

The English Government is said to have it in contemplation to propose a scheme for extending the franchise, in the next session of Parliament.—The object is to give votes to a large proportion of the operative classes, and thus strike a blow at the new movement in favor of reform, which it is probably feared will run to too great extremes.

Abbott Lawrence, Esq., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, had an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle, on Saturday, the 20th ult., to deliver his credentials. He was introduced by Viscount Palmerston, G. C. B., her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Palmerston also introduced to Her Majesty, Sir Henry Bulwer, who took leave on departing to enter on the duties of his mission as Minister to the United States.

The Cholera had ceased as an epidemic in Liverpool, there being but three cases during the week ending the 27th ult. The general mortality of the town was 18 per cent. below the average of the season. In Paris it has entirely disappeared.

The annual meeting of the Peace Congress is announced to take place in Frankfort, Germany, in 1850. Preparations have already commenced there for it.

Lord Dudley Stuart has published in the London Daily News an appeal to the mothers, the wives, and the daughters of England, to furnish "a home for Kossuth," and to extend to him a welcome becoming the British race, who are the friends of freedom.

Lady Franklin is at present endeavoring to organize a scheme to relieve the expeditions in the Polar Seas in the course of the ensuing spring.

The Swedish papers state that Louis Philippe has been in treaty with the Danish Government, for the Castle of Fredensborg, between Holsinborg and Copenhagen, intending to end his days there.

On Saturday, the Prince of Wales hoisted his flag for the first time, on the occasion of his royal highness, with the other juvenile members of the royal family, embarking at Cowes, in the royal yacht Fairy, for Gosport, unaccompanied by Her Majesty or Prince Albert.

The alleged flogging of female emigrants on board the emigrant ship Ramilies, has been officially investigated, and thus far is not substantiated.

Lamartine is said to be about to retire to the East, the Sultan having made him a gratuitous grant of an immense tract in a fertile plain of the crown domains, within a few hours' ride of Smyrna. His friend, M. Charles Rolland, is about to take possession of it in his name, and he will himself repair thither in the Spring.

In Ireland things are as bad as ever. 74 families, 370 souls, have recently been evicted from the property of a Col. Wyndham, in Clare—their dwellings being rased to the ground. A correspondent of the "Clare Examiner" says:

There were no notices of eviction received in due time by the relieving officer. There is no room for the crowd in the Ennis Union Workhouse. They are denied out-door relief on some pretext or other. Women, with infants in their arms, slept out under the freezing cold of the past week, and the floor of the chapel is now the only home of the exterminated people. The last sanctuary on earth is the house of God.

A NEW ASPIRANT.

The Philadelphia public was recently astounded by the announcement that a Miss Kimberly, of Connecticut, had taken the Sansom Street Hall upon its being vacated by Mrs. Kemble, and would follow that lady in a course of readings of Shakspeare.

It was generally concluded that such an announcement argued either great genius (conscious of its own powers) or great audacity. And to solve this question, quite a considerable number of gentlemen and ladies (ourselves among the number of the former,) assembled at the Hall on the evening of the first reading, for the subject of which the fair debutante, as she had evidently determined to take the city by storm, had appropriately chosen "The Tempest."

To succeed as a reader of Shakspeare requires a much greater breadth and universality of genius, than is required to establish a high reputation as an actor or an actress. A lady may justly be entitled a splendid actress, who can personate to the life one or two ranges of character. But to read Shakspeare well, an actor is needed who could personate on the stage, so far as the mental and spiritual qualifications go, the whole round of character, from the monster in "The Tempest" to the frolicsome spirit "Ariel," from "Dogberry" to "Hamlet" and "Lear," from a coarse and prating tiring woman to the impassioned Juliet or the sparkling and brilliant Rosalind. That Mrs. Kemble did succeed "passing well" in what she undertook, is proof of higher powers of imitation and imagination than was given by her performances on the stage in years past.

Miss Kimberly's reading of "The Tempest" was by no means, taking it altogether, an inferior performance. The parts of Miranda and Ariel especially, were admirably given. She has fine eyes, and a handsome and very expressive face—one well calculated for the delivery of piquant and artless sentiments—with a voice singularly clear, sweet and ringing in its feminine tones. In short, if she were to appear as Miranda on the stage, or as Rosalind, or even as Juliet, we should augur very highly of her success. But her Prospero was shocking—her Caliban well conceived, but wanting in force—her Ferdinand only so-so. Despite the opinions of a respected contemporary, we think her Trinculo and Stephano were excellent.

But while Miss K. threw sufficient animation into detached parts of the play, she let it drag as a whole, until we thanked our nightly cup of tea for preserving us from the awful fate of a gentleman who sat before us, wasting as much energy in nods as would have spoken to all his acquaintances for a year to come.

Since writing the above we have attended Miss K.'s second reading—that of "Romeo and Juliet"—and now feel inclined to give to the flames all that we have above written; for there is a depreciating tone pervading it, which notwithstanding our high praise of parts of the performance, doubtless will convey to the reader our impression that the reading of "Miss K.", on the whole, was a failure.

It was unfortunate for Miss Kimberly, that "The Tempest" was chosen for the first reading—that which many would judge her by. It is a very difficult piece to read, and is inferior in interest, to a general audience, to various others of Shakspeare's plays. But in "Romeo and Juliet" the fair reader seemed at home. We heard Mrs. Kemble in the same play, and have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that, as a whole, Miss Kimberly's reading was fully equal to that of her "illustrious predecessor." Miss K.'s "Mercutio" (no easy part) was decidedly superior to Mrs. Kemble's—we shall consider it, until we hear it better done, perfection. Her "nurse" and "old Capulet," were fully as good as Mrs. Kemble's. Her "Romeo" and her "Juliet" superior in some respects, inferior in others. As a general reader, however, especially of declamatory passages, Miss K. lacks the scrupulous correctness, the strict propriety of emphasis and intonation, which distinguishes Mrs. Kemble. With practice, however, she will doubtless acquire equal perfectness.

Miss K. is a lady of, we suppose, about thirty, in the maturity of her physical and intellectual being. She has a magnificent head, and is altogether a splendid looking woman. She dresses in the common concert and opera style, against which, in her case, whatever other objections may be made, we cannot urge the common one that beauties are displayed which for want of the requisite roundness of contour, are very far from being beauties.

In conclusion, we have one suggestion respectfully to make to Miss K. In reading passages where passion or grief are the prevailing emotions, she should be careful to let the countenance express the full *depth* of the feeling—not to paint, as it were, the lineaments of grief or passion on a smiling ground. In her reading of "Mercutio," this general defect was a particular virtue. But in all the other characters it was a blemish. We pray her to "reform it altogether." However sudden the change from smiles to tears or frowns, root the smile out of the face completely.

AN AUDACIOUS REFORMER.

A Philadelphia "reformer" has sought the columns of the "Germantown Telegraph," to give a few lessons to the editors of this city upon the proper mode of conducting their papers. He says:—

The encomiums which some of the Philadelphia editors bestow upon female writers, are simply ridiculous, to say nothing of their want of good taste and delicacy. Really, if some of these ladies believe the half that is said of them, they must fancy that they combine the qualities of all the graces as well as of all the muses. The dear creatures must have strong heads not to have them turned by so much flattery. We should think they would be in the condition of the lady whose lover said he had flattered her so much that she would hardly speak to him.

Oh, the monster! to talk in such a superlatively audacious manner! As if it were *possible* to over-praise those beautiful, intellectual creatures,

> Whose stockings of blue,
> And eyes of the same,
> Lend the heavens their hue
> And the lightnings their flame.

Really, we wonder how our friend Freas could admit such a—to say the least—singular article into his columns.

But this is not the worst of it. Our Philadelphia-Germantown reformer goes on to say:

It is in still worse taste to fill the columns of newspapers with puffs of the personal appearance of Mrs. A., or Miss B. What do readers, a hundred miles off, care whether Mrs. C. has "the daintiest little foot," or Miss G. has "eyes large, full and lustrous?" A word of this kind may do occasionally, but there is something in very bad taste, to say the least of it, in this continual advertising of charms, and we do not see how any lady of delicacy, who has the power to prevent it, can quietly submit to it.

Is it not answer enough to the above to say that ladies of delicacy do "quietly" submit to it—in fact we do not exactly see how ladies of "*delicacy*" could well do anything else. Besides, readers "a hundred miles off" are the very ones who do care to know how their favorite authoresses look.

In conclusion we have only to say that the critic in question, who signs himself "M. B.," can be nothing more than what those letters stand for, a *Miserable Barbarian*, whose mind does not re-echo the pretty nothingnesses of Miss A., or relish the milk-and-water sentimentalities of Miss B.—and to whom a "dainty little foot," or a "large and lustrous eye," has not charm enough to deprive him of his own steady footing, or steal from him his own clearness of vision.

NEW ORLEANS SERENADERS.

This company is decidedly the best of its class. Some have urged as an argument to prove the superiority of the White to the Negro race, even in the *imitative* faculties, that the former can personify the latter even better than the latter can personify themselves. If any of our colored bands were capable of it, it would be a rich joke for them to get up concerts with their faces painted white, and take off our fashionables—but we are afraid they lack the genius. It is enough to make one split his sides with laughter, to hear the New Orleaners take off the dictionary words and *pomposity* of some of our colored population. But as musicians alone they are well worth hearing.

"FRANKNESS."

"What salary do you expect?" inquired a down town merchant, on Saturday last, of a youth who was applying for a situation. "Enough to keep me from wishing to steal," was the frank rejoinder, and it pleased the merchant so well that a bargain was soon struck.—*N. Y. Globe*.

"Many men have many minds," says the proverb. If a person soliciting employment of us was to make such a reply, we should get him out of our office as soon as possible. The young man who acknowledges to himself the *possibility* of his stealing, is not one that a sensible merchant, we should think, would be willing to trust.

A COMPLIMENT.

Walter Savage Landor, in an article on the Poussin affair, in the London Examiner, says:

"Arrogance is broken into foam when it dashes on the Western shores of the Atlantic. America knows equally her interests and dignity. Averse to war, averse to the politics of Europe, she is greatly more than a match against the united Powers of that continent. At the head of the United States is a brave, a temperate, a sagacious man."

DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.

That beautiful ballad singer, Dempster, has been delighting the ears and hearts of our citizens, preparatory to a visit to his native country. To hear Dempster's "May Queen" alone is worth the price of admission. It is a breath of earthly melody, that might steal unchallenged into Heaven.

PANORAMA OF ITALY.

This beautiful panorama has been removed to the Chinese Museum. It is nightly crowded.

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.

A veteran of the press, J. T. Buckingham, of Boston, thus discourses in an article upon printers and printing:

"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius through the columns of a newspaper, little think of the lot of the printer, who, almost suffocated by the smoke of a lamp, sits up till midnight to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuations. I have seen the arguments of lawyers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own hand-writing—many words, and especially technical and foreign terms, abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points, and those few, if there were any, entirely out of place. I have seen the sermons of eminent 'divines' sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of the sentences—sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would disgrace the printer's devil if he were the author. Suppose they had been so printed. The printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt as an illiterate blockhead—as a fellow better fitted to be a wood-sawyer than a printer. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance or carelessness of the author. And no one but the practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts that the writers themselves would be puzzled to read."

The above, judging from our own experience, is as true as gospel. Putting established authors aside, not one professional man in a hundred knows how to prepare an article for the press. If editors were to print the articles even of men of ability (and whose thoughts are really worth laying before the public) in the exact guise in which they are generally sent, the articles and the authors would be alike the objects of mirth and ridicule. Grammatical errors, involved and almost incomprehensible sentences, and bad spelling deform nine out of ten productions that are sent to an editor. Even in the cases of professional authors, too many of them are liable to the same faults. And they do not amend them, because as they see everything right and proper when their articles are printed, they probably are unaware of their own deplorable transgressions. Sometimes in casual communications which an editor will receive, he perceives one good thought in a desert of common-places, and cuts down the article in which it appears in order to give the wheat, without the chaff, to his readers. Nine chances in ten he receives an indignant note from the author shortly afterwards, requesting to have his "future articles published *as written, or not at all!*" Whereat the philosophic editor merely laughs,—for he is used to such things.

An editor who is worthy of his calling, never hesitates to undergo the labor of correcting grammatical errors, misspellings, and gross obscurities of meaning, when he has the time to devote to it. But often he has not the time, and the articles so marred, though good in other respects, must go into the "donkey's den." Young aspirants for literary honors—and old ones, too, for that matter—should remember this. We sometimes receive contributions in which the authors give "want of time" as an excuse for not perfecting their articles. That excuse, of all possible ones, is best calculated to excite the ire of an editor. If an article accompanied with such an apology gets printed, it may be counted only short of a miracle. "Not time"—if the author cannot take the time with his own article, who else is silly enough to do it? He certainly ought to know best what amount of time and labor his own thoughts are worth.

OUTRAGEOUS.

In sentencing a number of rioters, recently, Judge Parsons made the following astounding statement:

It is a melancholy fact, he said, yet it is nevertheless true, that from 1844, down to this time, scarce an individual who has been convicted of an aggravated riot in this county, has served out his imprisonment, no matter whether short or long. The ink is hardly dry in which the sentence is recorded, before a petition is prepared and circulated, asking for the pardon of the offender, and that too, where the evidence of guilt is as clear as a sunbeam.

He spoke of a sickly sentimentality that pervaded the minds of a small portion of the community, under the guise of philanthropy, in favor of criminals, that often secured the pardon of offenders of the worst character, without a single word of inquiry being made as to the nature and extent of their guilt. He said that the pity of the Court was doubly excited for those engaged in the last riot, from the *fact*, that a number of those who were guilty of the riot in June, were convicted at the last and the previous term of the Court. *They were sentenced to an imprisonment of but a few months, yet all, save one, were shortly after pardoned.* The last one was released but four days before the riot of the 9th of October, and *a general jubilee was held over his deliverance upon the spot where the riot had been perpetrated.* The Court had a right to infer that these wholesale pardons had given them great encouragement to continue in their lawless enterprises, with the almost certain hope that they would be in like manner speedily released if they should be imprisoned.

Is not this an abominable state of things. No election is pending now in Pennsylvania, and our motives, therefore, will not be misconstrued when we ask of Governor Johnston what right he has to thus nullify, by wholesale, the action of our courts, and turn the worst kind of criminals loose upon society. He may answer: "My Democratic predecessors did the same." We grant it—but what is that to us? We now demand, in the name of a deeply injured community, that this perverted clemency for villains—which is cruelty to the peaceable and virtuous—be put an *end* to at once and forever.

CALIFORNIA.

The news from California this week is very interesting. It will be perceived that California has settled the question of Slavery for herself—unanimously. We would like to know how many thundering speeches, already prepared by Northern and Southern gentlemen for the next Congress, this decision knocks into *pi*. By the way, it is reported that a wonderfully rich gold mine has been discovered on land belonging to Col. Fremont. This is the first—doubtless there are plenty more of them. Board continues very high at San Francisco varying from $3 to $8 per day. Lodgings $3 to $4 per night, in bunks, steamboat fashion. *Good* board and lodging may be had in *tents* for $25 per week; in *sheds*, from $30 to $50 per week. A single meal, consisting of roast beef and bread, with a cup of coffee, costs $1. The rush now *from* California is rivalling the rush to it. Passages home command a premium.

THE HOLDEN CASE.

Thanks to the indomitable spirit of Mr. Holden's administrator, Mr. Neal, this case is at length settled without further recourse to the law. Mrs. Holden receives in all $40,500, besides the whole of the unpaid debts of the Saturday Courier, contracted prior to February 4, 1848, in the States of New York, Connecticut, Tennessee, Louisiana, Michigan, Maine, New Jersey, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Texas. Mr. McMakin also pays the whole of the undefrayed Court expenses.

> "Thus ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

LOLA MONTEZ.

The amiable Lola has already had a quarrel with her baby of a husband, at Tortosa, in Catalonia. As the quarrel ended in her stabbing him with a dagger, Mr. Heald made tracks, and put up at another hotel. As Lola was thus left destitute, she applied to the British Consul for relief. Lola, doubtless, began to find her quiet life intolerable, and wanted a little excitement. Mr. Heald will receive very little sympathy for this unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, termination of his matrimonial life. Lola's herself again.

CANADA.

Lord Elgin has announced that no person will be allowed to remain in the employ of the Government who countenances in the least the annexation movement. The Canadians have too much free American blood in their veins—they live too near unshackled Niagara—for such a menace to alter their course one hair's breadth.

DANA.

Dana, the author of one of the finest poems ever written, "The Buccaneer"—Dana, the profound critic at a time when critics had become demented—begins this week a course of lectures on Shakspeare in this city; a repetition of those which delighted the New Yorkers last winter.

CALIFORNIA.

The panorama of a voyage to California at the Masonic Hall, is a very excellent one—go and see it. The lecturer is one of the best—he has collected a great deal of valuable information relative to the scenes pictured.

New Publications.

LAID OVER.—Several new works on hand shall be noticed next week—hands full, and running over, this.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The December number of this magazine contains several handsome and very taking engravings. "The Death of the Year" is a fine conception, while "Opera Extravagance" and "The Departure" and "Return" are pictures that will attract much attention. The other engravings are "A Case of Gold Fever," a Paris Fashion Plate, &c. The literary matter is by J. R. Chandler, Henry B. Hirst, Caroline C——, Agnes, a new contributor, Henry Morford, Mrs. Ellet, W. G. Simms, T. S. Arthur, &c. Herbert's "Jasper St. Aubyn" is concluded in this number.

JEREMIAH PARKES. *A Novel. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, author of "The Poor Cousin," "Sister Minnie," &c. New York: H. Long & Brother.* Douglas Jerrold says of this work, that "it is elegantly and smoothly written, and is full of grace and harmony." For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia*.

THE ROSEMARY. *A Collection of Sacred and Religious Poetry. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.* A beautiful volume of exceedingly well-chosen sacred and religious poetry, well-suited for a gift-book for the hallowed Christmas season. It contains eight illustrations, engraved by Sartain—viz.: "Moses Smiting the Rock," "Rebecca," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Elijah Fed by Ravens," "Abraham Offering up Isaac," "God's Covenant with Noah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," and "The Women at the Sepulchre."—The poetry is by Longfellow, Cowper, Ware, Heber, J. Q. Adams, Bethune, E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Sigourney, Hannah More, W. H. Burleigh, Emerson, Milnes, Dana, Scott, Whittier, Barrett, Peirpont, Miss Lynch, Barry Cornwall, Victor Hugo, Bryant, &c., &c., &c.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS. *Consisting of Elegant Extracts on Every Subject. Compiled from various Authors, and arranged under appropriate heads. By John T. Watson, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* Another elegant volume of poetical gems—illustrating almost every subject. A great number of authors are quoted, and extensive libraries, not accessible to the great mass of readers, have been searched for appropriate quotations.—The volume is designed as a gift-book, and contains nine engravings—"The Noontide Dream," "The Thunderstorm," "The Bashful Lover," "The Parting Wreath," &c.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. We have received the December number of Godey. It is embellished with engravings of "The Secret," "The Gentle Warning," (both fine pictures), a portrait of Mrs. Neal (a good *likeness*, but by no means a flattering one—it looks ten years older and considerably darker than she really is)—"After the Election," the Fashions, &c., &c. The literary contributors to this number are "Fanny Linton," Simms, Clara Merton, T. S. Arthur, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Ellet, Grace Greenwood, &c., &c., &c.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This is the first of a series, designed to present to the young, books of a higher value than those usually prepared for them. The series will embrace biographies, history, travels, &c., and as it is designed especially for American youth, the subjects will not unfrequently be American. The present volume contains the adventures of Henry Hudson, Daniel Boone, and the John Smith. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia*.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. *A book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, D. C. L. F. R. S. From the eighth London edition. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* A splendid edition of a work that is destined to endure. Of all the elegant gift books that we have yet seen this year, we know none that we would prefer to this elegant volume of "Proverbial Philosophy." It is embellished with a handsome portrait of the author.

CHAPMAN'S AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK. *New York: J. S. Redfield.* The Third number of this work treats of Perspective; and, as necessarily preparatory thereto, an insight into the first principles of Geometry, especially such as relate to the construction of the most important mathematical figures and forms, is afforded. This work appears to us to be a very useful one. For sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia*.

VIRGIL, WITH ENGLISH NOTES. *Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.* A new edition of the Bucolics, Georgics and Æneid of Virgil, with English Notes, a Life of Virgil, and remarks upon Scanning, by Edward Moore M. A. For sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.*

CHRISTMAS BLOSSOMS, AND NEW YEAR'S WREATH FOR 1850. *By Uncle Thomas. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* A pretty gift-book for little girls—embellished with six engravings, by Sartain. The reading matter appears to be useful as well as entertaining.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. *By the Author of "The Diary of a London Physician." Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a new and cheap edition of one of the most powerfully written novels in the language.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. The November number of this periodical contains several articles on the Cholera, an article on the injection of stimulants into the veins, &c., &c. Published by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia*.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN. *By Isaac Watts, M. D. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* A new and pretty edition of this well-known collection of songs, embellished with 24 illustrations.

CITY CRIES. *Or a Peep at Scenes in Town, by an Observer.* A book on "city cries" for the children, illustrated with 24 designs by Croome. Published by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia*.

CHILD'S PRESENT. A story book for children. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia*.

The Gold Regions.

LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the Empire City at New York from Chagres, we have one month's later news from San Francisco. The Empire City brings half a million of gold.

Perhaps the most important news is the unanimous prohibition of Slavery by the State Convention. The Alta Californian of Oct. 1, in an article upon the Convention, gives the following summary of its proceedings to that date:

This body, up to our latest dates, had been in session a little over three weeks. Most of the provisions of the proposed constitution had been acted and passed upon in committee of the whole, and that, we suppose, may be taken as a fair index of what will be the action of the House.

The bill of rights, as adopted in committee of the whole, embraces twenty sections, of the usual character of such provisions. The only point upon which it was supposed a controversy would arise, the question of slavery—passed without debate, and unanimously, utterly prohibiting slavery.—Some were in favor of submitting the matter to the people for a separate vote; but it was not contended for with any show of strenuosity, and was voted down unanimously.

The suffrage question was the source of considerable debate; but was finally disposed of by admitting all male citizens of the United States, six months resident in California, and twenty-one years of age, (Indians, Africans, and the descendants of Africans excepted,) to the privileges of electors.

The Legislature is to consist of two branches, an Assembly, and a Senate, with such general powers, privileges and duties, as are usually given to such bodies. Banking corporations and lotteries are prohibited, and all other corporations, except for municipal purposes, are to be established under general laws, the stockholders to be individually liable for all debts.

The members of the Assembly are to be elected annually, and the members of the Senate are to hold their offices for two years. One-half of the Senate is to be elected annually. No person can be a member of the Legislature who has not been a resident of the State one year, in addition to other qualifications.

Some division of opinion arose on a proposition made by Mr. McCarver, to prevent free persons of color from settling in California, and also to prevent slave-holders from bringing slaves into the State, for the purpose of liberating them. It finally passed the committee of the whole; but it has been looked upon since as jeopardizing the ratification of the Constitution by Congress; and as this feeling was gaining ground, the House, probably will strike it out.

The State officers have the usual powers, and are elected in the way usual in the States.

The article relative to the militia as passed in committee of the whole, is substantially such as is found in other State Constitutions, as is that also relative to amendments.

The boundary, judicial and educational questions were not decided upon at last advices, but it was supposed the Convention would adjourn in all the first week in October.

The reports from the gold regions are about as usual. The diggers are said to be averaging (those that are industrious) about an ounce a day. The project of turning the course of the streams has been abandoned, as not paying sufficiently for the trouble.

Parties have been organized within the past month, and departed to explore the region of Trinity River, where it is now rendered certain gold exists. Several hundred French half-breeds from Oregon were at last advices employed very successfully upon this stream.

Feather River, high up, has been nearly drained of precious metal, and at this time affords scanty profit for the few who prefer its solitude to the crowded washings of the North. A gentleman from the South Fork of Feather River informs us that without the assistance of Indians in washing for gold, labor is attended with very unsatisfactory compensation.

There is probably no portion of the placer that has proved more productive than the mountainous country watered by Yuba River. There are about five thousand, principally Americans, at work on Yuba, among whom the past month witnessed no inconsiderable amount of sickness. By the following extracts from the Placer Times of September 22, we are pleased to note a better state of health.

From Yuba River we have more favorable advices. The sickly season is about over, and the operations of minerals are not now impeded by the extreme heat.

The most favorable news we gather this week is from Dry Creek, at which point operations were doing surprisingly well. The great influx of emigrants, however, has evidently rendered labor in the mines less profitable, and we hear of many who have given up digging, and are about to turn their attention to other branches of industry.

We learn that Dr. Boynton's company, consisting of six, took from one hole some five miles above Mormon Island, in seven or eight days, $8,000. It is said, also, that no one in that vicinity who worked, made much less than an ounce per day, while the more fortunate were getting several ounces by a few hours' hard work.

Thirty thousand Americans (the present probable aggregate) in the gold region of California, are incapable of exhausting the treasures of that portion which has long been occupied.

In relation to the overland emigrants, the Alta Californian of September 15, gives the following cheering intelligence:

It is necessary that we should state, in order to relieve anxieties and allay the fears which have been but unduly created, regarding the general prosperity of the emigration overland this year, that latest accounts are highly encouraging, and represent the entire body full five weeks earlier than the emigration of any preceding year. We deem this statement but just in view of the wrong impression which has gone abroad, and which exists even to the present time to a great extent in this place. The friends of emigrating parties, residing in the States, may rest assured of the general safety of all, and that aside from the ordinary fatigue and privations of the journey, no suffering has as yet been experienced.

About 30,000 persons, mostly young men, compose the overland emigration this year. A portion of this body is already in the country, and parties are nearly every day arriving. Captain R. Owen, who piloted a company across the country by the Santa Fe route, diverging to the Northern road, crossing the Sierra Nevada, and entering California near Johnson's rancho, reports the emigration in an unusually forward state, with provisions plenty and to spare. The grass along the road had been abundant, and but in one place was it believed a scarcity of food for stock would be encountered. This was above the sink of Mary's River, and here, by abandoning the road, a subsistence can be procured.

THE GOLDEN EMIGRATION.—The arrivals for the month ending September 28, at San Francisco, by sea, are as follows:—

Americans	4,271
Foreigners	1,631
Total	5,902

Of which 122 are females. Number of tons of shipping in the harbor of San Francisco, this day, 94,344.

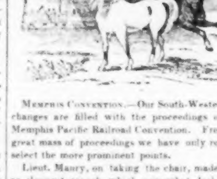
MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 3rd of September, at the house of the bridegroom, by the Rev. Dr. Mines, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, San Francisco, Edward Weller, Esq., merchant, to Miss Sauer, all of San Francisco.

DIED.

September 5th, Henry Orville Comstock, of Shelburn, Vermont, aged 23 years; 10th instant, Thomas Hays, of Beverley, Massachusetts; September 15, Captain John Knight, supposed to be from Falmouth, Maine; Sept. 4th, John Livingston, of Williamsburg, N. Y.; Sept. 8, Col. John A. King, late of the city of New York, aged about 46 years; Sept. 26th, Thomas R. Campbell, of Weymouth, Nova Scotia; Drowned, in Suisun Bay, Captain Enoch Hale, of the barque Rolla, from East Dennis, Maine; 24th instant, Giraud, only son of the late N. W. Strong, of New York, aged 21 years; Sept. 4th, Lyman Holly, of Royalton, Vermont, aged 30 years; also, same day, J. R. Jobson, of Virginia; also, on the 4th, R. Smart, of Scotland; Sept. 9, Chester Ingersoll, a native of Vermont; August 31st, Itaamar Whiting, late of Tepic, Mexico, aged 56 years; Sept. 1st, Colonel Henry Helm, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, aged 45 years; Sept. 1st, S. H. Cole, of Louisiana; Aug. 30, on the voyage from Panama, B. F. Jeter, Esq., aged 38; on Wednesday, 12th Sept., at the United States Hotel, in this place, of diarrhœa, Henry S. Pearson, printer, aged about 38 years, a native of Philadelphia.

General News.



MEMPHIS CONVENTION.—Our South-Western exchanges are filled with the proceedings of the Memphis Pacific Railroad Convention. From the great mass of proceedings we have only room to select the more prominent points.

Lieut. Maury, on taking the chair, made quite an eloquent speech, which somewhat dashed the hopes of those who are in favor of an overland road to the Pacific. He took the ground that such a road was all-important for the defence and security of our Pacific territories. For the purpose of commerce it would be a failure. He said:

Nor have I any expectation that such a railroad can ever be made, to any great extent, to serve the purposes of commerce. It is vain to hope that the bulky articles of produce can ever be transported profitably over a railroad of this length. Estimating the distance at two thousand miles, and putting the cost at one-third less than the transportation over any of the railroads of this country, we shall have an amount of sixty dollars per ton, which is a burden not to be borne by our produce. The tobacco, hemp, sugar, and cotton of this valley cannot afford to give sixty dollars a ton for transportation to a market. They cannot, therefore, be profitable, carried over railroad to the Pacific. Such a railroad will be of eminent utility for national defence, but for commercial purposes, we must seek another and cheaper mode of transportation. That will be found by crossing the Isthmus which separates the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico.

In the Convention the Louisiana delegation, obedient to instructions, advocated the Tehuantepec route.

The Chairman announced the names of a Committee to memorialise Congress as follows:—Mr. DeBow, of Louisiana; Governor J. C. Jones, of Tennessee; J. A. Campbell, of Alabama; G. Darsie, of Pennsylvania; and, on motion, the President of the Convention, Lieutenant Maury, was added to the Committee; also C. C. Mills, of Texas.

Mr. Woodward offered a resolution to the effect that it was expedient, in a military and commercial point of view, that the railroad be constructed from the Mississippi to the Pacific; that Government should apply every facility within its constitutional power to that end, and that a route terminating at Memphis and San Diego is strongly indicated by climate, geographical and commercial relations, and centrality to the whole Union.

The resolution was carried; the yeas being Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, New York, Texas, Tennessee, Virginia and South Carolina. The nays being Arkansas, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Professor Maury, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported a series of resolutions, that in the opinion of the Convention, it is the duty of Government to provide for constructing of roads at an early period; to provide competent corps of engineers to survey the proposed routes, to locate the road so as to comprise as many advantages as possible; that the public lands constitute a legitimate fund for that purpose; that it is the duty of Congress to aid in the construction of branch roads to connect the main road with the principal thoroughfares of the country; that military posts should be constructed throughout our territory, on the confines of civilization, and emigration encouraged by preemption rights to actual settlers; that while said road is constructing, private enterprise should be aided in building a road or canal across the Isthmus by annual contributions for carrying mails, troops, &c., from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The report was unanimously adopted.

WROUGHT IRON FROM ANTHRACITE COAL—THE IMPROVEMENT OF MR. SALTERS.—An invoice of superior hoop iron has been received in Newark, N. J., from the manufactory of Thomas C. Willis, located at Powersville, Morris county. It was made with anthracite coal, by the new process discovered by Mr. Thomas Salters, of Newark.—This is the first iron produced in a large quantity by this process, which effects a saving of at least twenty dollars per ton, merely by substituting anthracite coal for the charcoal now universally used. The patent is now in the hands of a number of gentlemen who have not yet organized themselves into a company, and it is the purpose, we believe, to sell the right to the manufacturers of iron generally.—*N. Y. Cour.*

THREE THURSDAYS IN ONE WEEK.—A scientific paper says:

"Let a vessel sail East round the world, and arrive in port on Thursday, according to their reckoning. On the following day let the crew land; they will find it Thursday on shore. On the next day let them board a vessel which has just arrived from a cruise round the world, sailing in a Westerly direction, and they will find it Thursday on board that ship. It is thus possible to find three Thursdays in one week."

THANKSGIVING.—The Governors of thirteen States, and the Mayor of Washington City, have set apart a day for thanksgiving. In New Hampshire and North Carolina it is fixed for the 15th inst., and in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio and Washington City, for the 29th inst.

CUBA NOT GUARANTIED TO SPAIN.—The Charleston Mercury, backed by a friend who has made an especial study of the diplomacy of the United States, asserts positively that no special treaty exists, to which France, Spain, England and the United States are parties, by which the dependence of Cuba to the mother country of Spain is especially guarantied.

POLYGAMY AMONG THE DESERET MORMONS.—A correspondent writing from the city of Salt Lake, states that the laws of the community permit the men to have as many wives as they can support, and that some of the older ones have twenty, but that the young men content themselves with five.

MISS BREMER.—We copy the following specimen of gallantry from the New York Mirror:

"Of Miss Frederika Bremer, we can only say, that she is, personally, rather stout, rather rosy, and rather gray. She is about fifty-six years of age, and all her beauty seems to have *struck in*."

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.—The Protestant Churchman states that Rev. Dr. Forbes, of St. Luke's (Protestant Episcopal) Church, in Hudson Street, New York city, has renounced the faith of his flock, and annexed himself to the Baptist Church.

THE SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY BANK.—The community at Montrose, who have been swindled by the failure of the Susquehanna Bank, do not take their loss kindly, but rather evince a disposition to resort to the code Lynch for redress. As soon as it was known the bank had failed, a committee of citizens was appointed to investigate its affairs, and the alleged frauds charged against the cashier, T. P. St. John. This committee reported that the bank had in circulation notes amounting to upwards of $900,000, whereas the said cashier had given the most positive assurances that the whole amount in circulation was only $49,000, and that every dollar should be redeemed within two weeks. The committee say that there never was a more stupendous fraud committed in the whole history of bank swindling. All the available funds found in the bank was under twenty-five dollars. The cashier was lodged in jail, and effigies of him and his uncle, the bank's agent, were hung at the jail door. A mob escorted the former to jail, blowing upon tin horns and drumming upon tin pans. That night the bank sign was torn off and nailed to the jail. Such is the indignant feeling of the people, that neither the public authorities nor the sheriff attempted to take down either the effigies or sign.—*Ledger*.

AN IMPORTANT PRINCIPLE.—"On the dissolution of a partnership, the partners are not to be entitled to be repaid out of the assets for their advances of capital, unless there has been a special agreement to that effect. Such assets, after payment of debts, are to be divided among the partners according to their respective interests in the concern."

We clip the above from a New York paper, which says that it is the decision of one of the Courts there. If our Courts rule the same, we call the particular attention of our merchants to the fact. It may be law, but certainly it is not justice, and they should at once overhaul their articles of co-partnership, and arrange them so that it may not be in any one partner's power to appeal to the law to outrage justice.

ALABAMA WOOL.—A neighbor of mine, says a correspondent of the Alabama Tribune, writing from Sumter county, in that State, owns seventeen grown sheep. They were sheared the other day, and upon weighing the wool, which was very neat and clean, it was found the average from each was 3 lbs. 3 oz. This, then, proves ours a better sheep country than that of Tennessee, especially when I assure you that in the case I have brought to your notice, the sheep had no care bestowed upon them, and were in the woods until late in November. The idea of greater attention to other pursuits than barely raising cotton, is, I think, fairly taking hold of the people of this section.

PARISIAN FEELING.—The feeling of the Parisians is shown by the way in which they received the new play of "Rome" during the time its representation was permitted by the Government: "Even the sight of the French troops victorious at Rome," writes the Literary Gazette's correspondent, "and of the French flag flying triumphantly, from the capitol, only excited terrific hootings and yells—the very first time assuredly that the French have publicly branded their military glory." But Paris now-a-days is not France.

NO AMERICAN COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND.—By a recent decision in the English Court of Exchequer, in the case of Boosey vs. Purday, it appears that no foreigner can enjoy a copyright for his work in Great Britain, except through a mutual international arrangement between the two countries. Thus it appears that no American can hereafter legally receive one shilling for his work from their re-publication in England.

FINDING AND NOT RETURNING IS STEALING.—In the Court of Common Pleas at Manchester, N. H., Mrs. Polly Lord, of Deering, was recently sentenced to the State Prison for two years, for retaining and using two hundred and fifty dollars, which she picked up and kept—knowing the owner.

JUST SO.—Blackwood's Magazine has discovered the reason why the Canadians are discontented: "They have nothing in their pockets, and what is worse, they are afraid if they go on much longer as they are doing, they will soon be without pockets too."

Political Intelligence.

THE ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK.—At the time of writing this we have not official returns, but the Whigs are believed to have a small majority on the popular vote. The Anti-Rent vote has, however, in some measure, decided the State, so far as the general ticket is concerned. Of the State officers the Whigs are believed to have elected five, and the Democrats three—as follows:

Court of Appeals,	Freeborn G. Jewett, Dem.
Attorney General,	Levi S. Chatfield, Dem.
State Prison Inspector,	Darius Clark, Dem.
Canal Commissioner,	Nelson J. Beach, Whig
Comptroller,	Washington Hunt, Whig
Treasurer,	Alvah Hunt, Whig
Secretary of State,	Christop'r Morgan, Whig
Engineer and Surveyor,	Hora'ti'G. Seymour, Whig

The Whigs are believed to have a small majority in both branches of the Legislature.

MICHIGAN.—The Democratic candidate is elected by a large majority over the candidate of the united Whigs and Free Soilers. The Senate is Democratic—House, at time of writing this, doubtful.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gen. Quitman (Dem.) is elected Governor—and Featherston (Dem.) to Congress in the 3d District.

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE.—The New Jersey Legislature, all heard from, now stands, Whigs, 10 Senators, and the Democrats 9. In the Assembly the Whigs have 33 and the Democrats 25. Whig majority of 1 in the Senate, 8 in the House of Assembly, and 9 on joint ballot.

LOUISIANA.—Gen. Joseph Walker, the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, has been elected. It is believed that the Congressional Delegation will stand as before. The election passed off very quietly.

VIRGINIA.—Col. D. T. S. Haymond, Whig, has been elected to Congress from the Wheeling District. This is a Whig gain.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The city of Boston has given about 2,200 majority for the Whigs. The returns from 60 towns indicate that George N. Briggs, the Whig candidate for Governor, is elected by the people. The Coalition party (Democrats and Free Soilers) have probably elected their Senators in Middlesex, Worcester and Plymouth. In Norfolk and Essex, the contest is doubtful. The House is largely Whig. In the Fourth Congressional District, Hon. John G. Palfrey is defeated by a larger majority than before. The vote for Phillips will be 10,000 less than last year. Boutwell's vote has been increased.

Clippings.

☞ Madam Biscaccianti, and M. Strakosch, are delighting the people of Virginia.

☞ Two immense Annexation meetings were held in Montreal on the 6th inst.

☞ It appears that the greater part of the Austrian loan has been subscribed for by the Vienna bankers; the Dutch capitalists not having been influenced to subscribe for more than five millions of florins, whilst the Austrians displayed their *patriotism* (and quite voluntarily it is said) by taking no less than sixty-five millions.

☞ Among the nobles created by Emperor Faustin, of Hayti, are two or three colored gentlemen who once figured in New York as cooks and barbers.

☞ The Columbia, S. C., Telegraph corrects the statement that John M. Barrett, arrested in South Carolina, as an Abolitionist, has been tried and *acquitted*. He was *admitted to bail only*, and his trial is yet to take place.

☞ Republican symbols are so offensive to the present government, that the Paris Prefect of Police has lately ordered the republican clubs to remove from their doors the equilateral triangle, which is in France the symbol of equality. The societies protest, and refuse to obey, unless judicial decisions should compel them.

☞ Dr. Bushnell, of this city, has been acquitted of the charge brought against him of promulgating errors touching the fundamental principles of his church. Rev. Dr. Hawes was one of his principal accusers.—*Hartford Times*.

☞ Be ye pure in your lives, for before your child is born the manner of thy life has entered into its being.

> "Those there are
> Whose hearts have a look southward, and are open
> To the whole noon of nature.
> Be thou of such."

☞ We learn that the Distins realized a profit of $5,000, by fourteen entertainments in Philadelphia. Their gross receipts in this city amounted to $9,000—their expenses $4,000.

☞ Douglas Jerrold says: "The women are all alike. When they are maids, they're mild as milk; once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you."

☞ Major Chevallie, who was employed by the Government of Chihuahua, to hunt down the Apaches, at the rate of $200 per head, has withdrawn from the service. His men have each realized $300 by the expedition. Thirty men are still engaged in hunting the Apaches.

☞ We learn by an official announcement in the London Globe, that Mr. Thomas Edward Lytton, son of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart., is appointed an Unpaid Attache to the British Embassy at Washington.

☞ The taste of Cod Liver Oil is completely disguised by masticating a morsel of dried orange peel before and after swallowing the dose.

☞ Some one says: "There is in the heart of women an innate vagrant disposition, arising, probably, from their confinement at home, and the sameness of their occupations."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10, 1849.

REMARKS—There has been but little change to notice in the market during the past week. The Hibernia's advices, received on Tuesday last, have caused an advance of ⅛c per lb on Cotton, but otherwise they have had no effect upon the market. Breadstuffs, with the exception of Wheat, are in limited demand, but prices have undergone no change. Sugar has been in fair request, and prices are fully maintained. Money continues abundant, and the Banks are discounting most of the short paper offering. The market is better supplied with Sterling Bills, and sales have been made at 109½a110½, which is a slight decline.

The following are the principal exports to foreign ports from the 1st to the 9th inst.

Flour, bbls.	5,310	Corn, bush.	12,000
Corn Meal,	509	Pork, bbls.	167
Rye Flour,	100	Beef,	18
Bread,	275	Coal, tons,	187
Bark, hhds.	87	Rice, tcs.	30
Wheat, bush.	24,032	Naval Stores, bbls.	300

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been but little inquiry for Flour this week, for shipment, but prices have undergone no change; sales of 5a6,000 bbls common and good brands at $5 per bbl; for city consumption, sales of common and fair brands at $5a5,18¾, and select lots and extra at $5,25a5,62½. Rye Flour—Sales of 500 bbls at $3. Corn Meal is rather more inquired after—sales of 1,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $3 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 8th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	20,504
do.	half bbls	202
Rye Flour	bbls	609
Corn Meal	bbls	1,880
do.	hhds	29

GRAIN.—There has been a good demand for white Wheat for shipment, but for red it is moderate; sales of 40,000 bushels inferior and prime red at $1,03a1,07, and white at $1,13, including one or two lots at something higher, and some mixed at $1,08. Rye is scarce and has advanced; sales of 2a3,000 bushels at 65 cents for Pennsylvania and 60 for Southern. Corn has been in fair request, and prices are stationary. Sales of 15,000 bushels yellow at 65, including some white at 63, and damaged at 63c weight. Oats are in better demand. Sales of 12a15,000 bushels inferior and prime Southern at 28a31, and Pennsylvania at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—There has been rather more inquiry for Pork; sales of 600 bbls Mess at $10,25a10,50 per bbl cash and on time; no sales of Prime. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef at $13,20. Bacon is dull—sales of Hams in lots at 7a11. Sides at 5a5½, and Shoulders at 4¼a4½c per lb. Lard is in limited demand. Sales of 100 bbls and 300 kegs at 6¾a7½ cents per lb on time. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—Prices have undergone no change, and the transactions in both Cotton and Woollen Goods have been limited.

BARK.—Quercitron continues very scarce; sales of 70 hhds No. 1 at $40 per ton—some holders will not accept this price; a cargo of Chesnut Oak sold at $11 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Is more inquired after; sales of 3,000 lbs good Yellow at 21c per lb cash.

CANDLES.—Demand limited. Sperm have advanced to 39½ cts per lb; sales of Tallow Candles in lots at 10a11c.

COAL.—The demand for shipment is limited, but prices have not varied; cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,62½a3,75, and Red Ash $4; Lehigh Lump and Broken at $3,75a3,87½ per ton; cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 16, 16½a17c per bushel.

COFFEE.—The stock in first hands is exceedingly light, and prices are firm; an import of Laguayra has arrived, and been disposed of on private terms; small sales of Rio at 10a10½c per lb.

COPPER.—Small sales of English Sheathing at 21c per lb.

COTTON.—Since the receipt of the Hibernia's advices noting a further advance in Liverpool, holders of Cotton have put up their prices ⅛c, but the manufacturers purchase sparingly at this advance; sales of 500 bales Upland and New Orleans at 11¼a13c per lb, cash and on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been but a limited amount of business doing. Sales of 50 casks Soda Ash at 3¼a3½; 10 casks Ombro Madder at 9a10, and some Borax at 16½c per lb.

FEATHERS.—Are rather less active; sales of live and good Western at 35a36c per lb.

FISH.—Prices of Mackerel have further advanced, and the supplies have been very small; sales of Massachusetts, in lots from store, at $14a15,50, $8 and $9; $9,75 per bbl for the three Nos. Codfish sell in lots at $3 per 100 lbs.

FRUIT.—A cargo of new crop Malaga Raisins has been disposed of on secret terms; sales in lots from store at $2,00 per box; Cranberries sell at $8,50 per bbl; sales of Dried Apples at $1 12a1,25 per bushel.

GINSENG.—Is scarce and in demand; sales of 1,000 lbs Crude at 32a33c per lb, which is an advance.

GUANO.—The sales are only in small lots at steady prices.

HEMP.—The market continues very firm; a lot of Missouri Dew Rot sold at $165 per ton, on time.

HIDES.—An import of 7,400 Laguayra has arrived, but they were previously disposed of on private terms.

HOPS.—Sales of new crop, in lots, at 15, and old at 8 cts per lb.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm; sales of 20 ceroons Caraccas at 90, and Madras at 80a85c per lb on time.

IRON.—The market continues inactive; sales of 200 tons No. 2 Anthracite at $19a20, and some Scotch Pig at $21,50 per ton, on time. In manufactured Iron no change.

LEAD.—Is rather firmer; sales of 2,500 pigs Missouri at $4,37½ per 100 lbs for Hard, and $4,45 cash for Soft.

LEATHER.—Of all kinds is in good demand, and prices firm.

LUMBER.—Prices have not varied; sales of 30,000 feet Carolina B oards at $22 per M feet; a cargo of Calais Laths sold at $1,45 per M.

MOLASSES.—Market firm; sales of 300 hhds Matanzas and Cardenas at 22a23c on time.

NAVAL STORES.—There is a moderate demand for Spirits of Turpentine, and 150 bbls sold at 33a34 cts on time; in Rosin and Pitch no large sales have been reported.

OILS.—There is a fair demand for all descriptions of Fish Oil, and sales of Crude Whale have been made at 40a50c, and Bleached Summer Sperm at $1,02. In Lard Oil no change; small sales of Linseed at 70a71c.

PLASTER.—But little arriving; a cargo sold at $... at $2,18¾ per ton.

RICE.—Continues in limited demand; small sales at 3¼a3½c per lb cash and on time.

SALT.—Two cargoes of Turks Island have been sold on private terms.

SEEDS.—The sales of Cloverseed have been limited at $4,25a4,50 per 64 lbs, with the exception of a lot not taken for export, on private terms; sales of Timothy at $2a2,50, and Flaxseed at $1,45a1,50.

SPICES.—Small sales of Nutmegs at $1,02½ per lb, which is an advance.

SPIRITS.—In Brandy and Gin the sales have been limited at previous rates. N. E. Rum is firm; sales at 28a30c. Whiskey has been in good demand; sales of 400 bbls at 28c—hhds. from their scarcity, command the same price.

SUGAR.—There has been a fair demand, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 500 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5a6½ cts, 300 boxes Havana brown at 6, and some white Brazil at 7c per lb on time.

TALLOW.—Small sales of Country and City Rendered at 7¾a8½c per lb.

TEAS.—Limited sales at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—The stock is much reduced, and prices are firm; sales of 25 hhds Kentucky at 6½a7c.

WINES.—There is an increased demand for Sweet Malaga, and sales of 150 qr casks have been made at 35a40c on time.

WOOL.—We have no particular change to notice in Wool; the demand is moderate, and prices stationary; sales of 80,000 lbs, in lots, at 31a42c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool, engagements for Grain have been made at 4d per bushel, and Lard at 15s per ton. To Southern ports the rates continue to rule low. Colliers are scarce; some engagements to Boston have been made at $1,62a1,75, Providence and Fall River $1,37½, and to New York $1,15 per ton.—*Inquirer*.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	108	108½	Mechanics'	27½	[illegible]
" '62	112	112½	Southwark	79	[illegible]
" '67	114	114½	Kensington	62	[illegible]
" '68	114½	114½	P Township	29½	[illegible]
" 5s '53	101	101½	Girard	[illegible]	[illegible]
Int due 1 July off			Western	67	[illegible]
" 5s '51	95	—	Man & Mechs	2[illegible]	[illegible]
U S Tr N 6s	112	112½	Bk of Com	51	[illegible]
" 1 mill	108	—	Camden N J	72	—
Philada 6s	104	104½	Germantown	50	—
" 5s	86	—	Trenton Bkg Co	22	—
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	20	—
County 5s	58½	82	M & M Pitts	50½	—
Penna 6s	101	101½	Exchange, Pitts	47	48
" 5s	84½	86½	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	103	104	Louisville, Ky	[illegible]	100
Tennessee 5s	85	86	Kentucky Bk	103½	—
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	107	—
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	58	[illegible]
Texas T Notes	9½	10½	Planters, Tenn	[illegible]	—
" Isle 8s	—	—	Vicksburg	15	[illegible]
Schuyl N 6s	47½	48	Com. Natchez	—	—
" Int	7s	—	N O Gas Bk	117½	[illegible]
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuyl Nav	14	[illegible]
" Int loan	55	57	Lehigh Nav	20½	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	92	95	C & Del Cl	7[illegible]	80
C & Del Cl 6s	90	90½	Morris Cl	8	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	96½	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	10½	[illegible]
Susqueh Cl 6s	50	52½	Cam & Am R	11[illegible]	[illegible]
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harrisburg R 6s	92	—	Bea Mdw R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wil R 6s	85½	88½	Lykens Val R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Read R 6s	57½	58	North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	64½	65	Susqueh Cl	10	[illegible]
U S Bk Notes	86	90	Norristown R	24½	[illegible]
U S Bk Share	2½	2½	Harrisburg R	46	[illegible]
N Amer Bk	129	130	Wilmington R	24	[illegible]
Penna Bk	100	100½*	Reading R	15½	[illegible]
Philadelphia	128	130	Minehill R	65	[illegible]
Far & Mec	62	62½	N Liberty Gas	22	[illegible]
Commercial	54	57	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 800 head. Beeves are selling from $5,00 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 800 in the market, and sold from $4,50 to 5,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 sold as follows: $25 to 40 for fresh; $15 to 28 for springers; $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Offered, 1,100 Beeves, ... Southern, the remainder from this State, 170 Cows and Calves, and 6,000 Sheep and Lambs. Beef Cattle—Market dull, but prices rather firm. Sales of good retailing qualities at from $6 to $7,75, as in quality. About 100 head remain over. Cows and Calves—Market more active. Sales at $20 to $30a$32,50. All sold. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of the former at from $1,... a$2,75 to $5, which is a little higher. Lambs $1 to $2,75. Left over, 400. Market brisk.

Hay and Straw—Loose Timothy is selling at the scales for 50c to 80c per 100; Bale Hay 37½a50c. Straw $1 75a$2 75 per 100 bdls.

☞ "I GREW THE REST."—A boy three years of age was asked who made him. With his little hand levelled a foot above the floor, he artlessly replied, "God made me a little baby so high, and I grew the rest."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1[illegible], 1849.

ON A FUNERAL.

Mrs. Swisshelm in an article in the "Visiter" upon the funeral of the late Dr. Black, of Pittsburg, makes the following very excellent remarks. With her sentiment, relative to attiring the dead for burial in the garments they have worn through life, we entirely concide. She says:

"It was gratifying to see age, ability and party command that outward show of respect and attention which is generally reserved for epaulettes, fifes and drums. They buried him in a beautiful grove at the foot of a small oak tree in the Allegheny Cemetery; and with a taste and good sense worthy of imitation, in his dress clothes. It was so appropriate, so proper to bestow his coat over his breast, and fold his hands over it just as he used to fold them hesitating for a word, and before he raised his finger to command attention as he turned his head a little on one side to speak!

"It leaves no unpleasant sensation from the last look. Why is it that we dress the dead as though we wished to frighten the living? What is the meaning of a shroud and winding sheet? — Why should we be haunted by the memory of friends looking like a spectre, when we might see them as they had appeared in days of happiness? We rejoice to see that dressing the dead in their own clothes, and ornamenting graveyards are coming into fashion. It is so much towards divesting death of its gloom. His death was a triumph, and it was appropriate he should lie down to his rest in the same habiliments in which he labored for his victory.

"There was a large number of clergymen in the procession, by invitation, wearing scarfs.— Amongst them Bishop O'Connor of the Catholic Church. It looked strangely to see him, Rev. Mr. Sproul, Covenanter, and Rev. Mr. Cook, Episcopal Methodist, stand all together reverently with their hats off, while Rev. Mr. West, Presbyterian, prayed. *It gave us some hope that they might possibly be able to live in heaven together after all that has come and gone.* Bishop O'Connor is a fine looking man, and it was pleasant to see them all stand together, once, as the children of a common father—travellers to the same eternity. The Doctor's grave was a suitable place to forget animosities for a moment, but we dare not hope the tomahawk of sectarian warfare was buried there."

JENNY LIND.

Barnum, the curiosity-shop man, is endeavoring to persuade Jenny Lind to visit the United States. Jenny says she has no objection to coming, but she wishes to know "*how much*" the Americans want her. Barnum has sent out a second agent to see her. He says:

As regards the terms of Jenny Lind, Mr. Knowles, Manager of the Theatre at Manchester, Eng., engaged her to sing for him in the principal towns, for which, I understand and believe, he paid her £1000 sterling per night. I also understand and believe that while she sang at the Queen's Theatre, in London, the house usually contained £2,000 sterling per night.

The idea, therefore, is absurd that I would expect her to sing two hundred nights in America for $50,000—only $250 per night. I positively have offered her more than her services are worth, besides paying all expenses from Stockholm of herself, two servants, a companion, and a manager, (probably her father,) and paying all expenses attending the travel of herself and retinue in America, as well as all expenses connected with concerts, operas, &c., and placing a carriage always at her disposal, and I have offered to lodge $50,000 in the bank or her banker in London to secure the fulfillment of my proposition.

If any gentleman thinks she may be induced to visit America on more favorable terms than I have named, I stand ready to sign a bond to give him $30 for every $100 that he will engage her for, less than $1,000 per night.

As to the price of tickets for her operas and concerts of the country, Barnum says, commenting upon the "Ledger's" estimate of $2:—"I have heard of persons paying as high as $25 for a choice seat to hear her sing, and it is likely that your estimate of $2 per ticket is a very safe one."

FOREIGN MARKETS.

The commercial news by the Cambria is on the whole favorable. Cotton was active, and had advanced ¼d. to ⅛d. per lb. on all descriptions, from the time she sailed from Liverpool, leaving a very decidedly improved feeling. Sales on the days of receipt were of nearly 4,000 bales, of which 1,000 were for export and speculation. Prices are firm; sales of 20 cargoes of Mobile at 4¾d. to 4¾d. per lb. for ordinary to middling, and 5¼d. for Fair. Rice is rather dull; sales of 300 tierces Carolina at 22s. per cwt. Tobacco is in extensive demand, at full prices, from scarcity of firm. Turpentine is rather improved.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in the city was 121—adults 50, and children 71.

Pictures of Life.

ROBERT CRITTENDEN:

AND THE FIRST GREAT DUEL IN ARKANSAS.

Arkansas has been the land of bloody duels. In other countries, such rencontres, however frequent, are considered fatal. But in Arkansas, quite very recent period, both their number and mortality have been alike astonishing. Scarcely a single combat of the kind has occurred unattended with immediate death to one of the antagonists, and often to both.

This singular fact seems to have been chiefly owing to the subconscious action of two causes. First, the belligerent character of the people, so intensely destructive; and secondly, the peculiar nature of their quarrels, resulting mostly from the rage of factious and political partisanship. In such cases, whenever a difficulty arises as to a point of etiquette or order in the arrangements, an appeal is usually made to the stand dard herself, Crittenden and Conway; the battery of which we will now proceed to detail.

In 1838, Crittenden and Conway began to run opposite the territory as opponents for the office of delegate to Congress, the former being a Whig, and the latter a Democrat. The field was altogether new—parties had not yet been organized, and all was agitated, stormy and doubtful. The magnificence of the prize for which they struggled, stimulated the rivals to the highest degree, until the excitement became intense. It was generally believed that whatever party acquired the ascendency now, would be enabled to keep it a long while. Under such circumstances, the extremest of the people and their leaders, may be imagined.

For a time, the opposing candidates pursued different circuits, one sweeping the stumps of the North, and the other those of the South. They were probably indisposed to this course from the same motive—the desire to avoid a personal collision—for both seemed to have dreaded such a termination. The sovereign voters, however, were dissatisfied with this distant cannonade. They loudly demanded that the champions should be brought to close quarters, to afford an opportunity of deciding their respective merits with the senses and by immediate contest. Accordingly, the primary "pitched battle" was appointed to come off at Little Rock, in midsummer.

On the day designated, an immense concourse assembled to witness the trial of strength. In tense was the ferment of passionate feeling. Many spectators were known to have travelled two hundred miles to be present. Those who were too poor to stay at the hotels, "camped out" in the woods around the town. Early in the morning it was discovered that no house could be procured large enough to hold a tithe of the people already arrived, and the place of meeting was changed from the City Hall to a beautiful grove of pines in the vicinity, which, at an early hour, was densely crowded by the eager masses.

Both parties had held caucuses the previous night, and as their proceedings were very similar in their mode of conducting business, it will be sufficient to give an account of one only.

The Democratic caucus was called at the dwelling of Col. Wharton Rector, and the main subject of discussion related to the method which Conway should adopt in the debate of the ensuing day, and more especially as to his treatment of his antagonist. Col. Chester Ashley made a powerful speech, urging gentlemanly and pacific measures as the safest and surest, because the most likely to propitiate the good opinion of the community. A. H. Sevier, then a youthful aspirant, in the first brilliant daybreak of his promise, took the same side. But Wharton Rector, the fiery duellist, assumed contrary ground. His oration was brief, but characteristic of the man and the times.—"I know the people of Arkansas better than any of you, because I have resided among them longer; and I tell you, from actual observation and experience, that the only path to certain popularity in this meridian, runs through the arena of a furious fight. Therefore, Conway must manage to get up a fight."

"But," interposed Col. Ashley, "what if Crittenden should refuse to fight? I know myself that he is not a duel, and has never been engaged in a rencontre of the sort."

"So much the better," replied Rector, laughing. "In that case, there will be no danger to our man; and besides, if Crittenden should back out, he will be utterly disgraced, and we can cowhide him off the track with impunity."

"But suppose he should deceive us all, and prove himself a hero?" suggested Sevier. "Suppose that he should accept, and kill Gen. Conway, who is there in our party to supply the place of the latter?"

"I have thought of that, too," responded Rector, "and I have provided against it. Conway must throw the onus of sending the challenge on Crittenden, if possible, and then we will have the choice of weapons, distance, &c. With pistols, at ten paces, Conway has not an equal in the world."

This extraordinary advice was adopted by the meeting, and Conway determined to act accordingly. The decision of the caucus might have been considered infamous, but for one fact. The Whig meeting had resolved on a similar course, which was frustrated, however, by the manly and chivalrous avowal of Crittenden, that he would sooner lose his own life than place the first insult, unless he was sure that the other meditated some undue and insidious advantage.

Under these circumstances the debate began. Crittenden led off in a speech of incomparable excellence—mild, witty, humorous, pathetic and sublime, by turns, from beginning to end, and closing in a burst of fiery grandeur, that literally shook the forest with tempestuous peals of applause. For of all the orators Kentucky ever produced, he was truly the most *Demosthenean*. His brother, John J., was as inferior to him in power and splendid effect, as the flickering of a fire-fly is to the strong, steady glory of a fixed star.

Conway followed, and appeared strangely embarrassed by the bold logic and brilliant declamation of his opponent. He was a politician of fine abilities, but very far from being a match for the other. Besides, Crittenden's allusion were so lofty, so perfectly courteous, that the idea of insulting such a rival seemed shameful and revolting. Accordingly, in his first harangue, Conway, although exceedingly caustic, did not venture to employ any positive rudeness.

Crittenden replied in a manner still more impassioned, but yet abstained from the use of language personally offensive to his antagonist. He, however, remarked, in conclusion, and his eyes dashed as he said it, "that he trusted his gentleman would utter words, in the heat of debate, towards him, such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor."

Conway took fire like powder at a torch. He bounded to his feet, and poured forth on the head of his opponent a torrent of the most bitter and burning denunciation.

Crittenden rejoined with but a single sentence: "Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make right speedily." He then descended from the platform, and, attended by a few select friends, hurried away to his hotel. His second waited on Conway the same evening, and a hostile meeting was arranged the following morning.

A vast throng collected at the time and place appointed, to witness the duel. The seconds were Col. Wharton Rector for Conway, and Ben Desha for Crittenden. As the seconds in all such mortal combats are often more important, as respects the final result, than even the principals themselves, we may be pardoned for briefly sketching the two who acted in the present case.

Wharton Rector was a professed duellist, notorious alike for the number and fatality of his murderous conflicts. He was universally feared throughout the West, from St. Louis to New Orleans, although in some shrewd minds there had always lingered a doubt as to the character of his courage. These thought that the desperado relied on his immense personal strength, and the dexterous of his arm, rather than on innate and incomparable bravery.

Ben Desha, a son of the celebrated governor of Kentucky, had but recently emigrated to Arkansas. His prowess was not known, but only conjectured from his singular and striking appearance. He was a tall, pale, slender man, whose thin lip wore an everlasting smile, or sneer—one could hardly tell which, so ambiguous was its expression—and his eyes were small as an infant's, fierce, reddish, and mostly half-closed. Such dagger-like eyes, causing every gazer to quail, could never belong to a coward. This, at least, was the general belief of all who saw him.

As soon as the parties appeared on the ground, they began to make their arrangements, and serious difficulties arose between the seconds, on various points of order. While the dispute as to these was pending, for almost an hour, Conway became restless, angry, and agitated, while Crittenden, trusting all to his friend, lay quiet on a blanket, with his eyes shut, as if enjoying a comfortable slumber.

Finally, everything was settled, and the principals took their positions, with their pistols cocked, and their fingers on the triggers. All was ready, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, Ben Desha hastily advanced, and seizing tom Conway rudely by the shoulder, exclaimed—

"D—n you, why do you not stand fair?"

"If you do that again I will shoot you, by Heaven!" shouted Wharton Rector, enraged at the unfair conduct of Crittenden's second.

"Your idle measures cannot deter me from the performance of my duty," replied Desha, as, with a smile, he walked back to his place. He had gained his object. Conway was excited by the insult to the verge of phrensy. His eyes flashed, and his nerves shook with passion. He was not physically in the best state to drive the centre of a target. Desha had the word, and he waited several minutes before pronouncing it. This was contrary to all rules, and served to madden Conway more and more.

While the two antagonists were thus standing in position, the spectators at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the imbiled of human forms, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a smiling countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of destitution lying bravery. He stood calm, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes dark as night, and his look of unbendable will was perceptibly tinged with revenge. Owing to the insults of Ben Desha, all his limbs were trembling with rage.

At length Desha gave the word, in a tone that rang like the peal of a trumpet—

"Fire! One—two—three!"

At the sound "Fire!" Conway, still under the effects of the previous agitation, instantly raised his weapon and pulled the trigger. He bullet grazed the other's breast, and cut a button off his vest, without injuring the wearer. But Crittenden waited till the last echo of the word "two," and then his pistol exploded. With its report, Gen. Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced through his breast.

Thus ended the first great duel in Arkansas. It was followed in swift succession by nearly a dozen more of like character, and without a single exception, mortal, till the people themselves grew sick, weary of the murderous exhibition. Crittenden survived Conway but a few years, and died of a lingering fever. He trial laid the easiest death.—*New York Sunday Times.*

☞ Oh, fie, "Amelia"—how could you write so carelessly as this:

"I wandered out one summer night
Twas when my years were new
The moon was rising in the East
And I was singing too
The sunshine lay upon the hill,
The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a lonely rill,
Was laughing as the gale

CALIFORNIA PRICES.

The following extract from a San Francisco Price Current, will give our readers an idea of the present wholesale prices in California:

Accounts at Sandwich Islands to the 30th September, 1849—Honolulu—Flour, American, per bbl, $10; Chilo, per sack 200 lbs, $9; bread, pilot, American per bbl, $10; Chilo, per bbl, $8; beef, Chilo, 110lbs per tce, South Carolina, $40; barley, per sack, $8@9. Provisions and Groceries—Beef, American, $40@50; pork, mess, $52@55; bacon, prime, per lb, 30@35c; hams, smoked, 40@45c; coffee, Central America, 9@10c; do, Rio, prime, 7@8c; Java, Sulo sugar, Central America, 6@6c; sugar, Havana white, 12@12½c; butter, 45@50c; preserved meats and vegetables, per lb, 75@87½; soap, Boston, No 1, 6@6c; pepper, black, 60@70c; pepper, cuber, per gal, 17@18c; do, white wine, 30@35c; nutmegs, per lb, 50@62½; sweet oil, Bordeaux, per doz, $6@6.50; lemon syrup, 50@60; spermaceti candles, per lb, 40@41; paper, 7@8c; salt, in sacks, $1 25@1 50; pickles, quarts and pints, per dozen, $1@$1 25. Liquors—Brandy, French, per gallon, $1 50@$1 62½; do, common, 75@80; Madeira wine, in bbls, 75@80; sherry do, $1 00@1 10; rum, New England, 35@40c; do, Santa Cruz, 45@50c; Chile wine, 35@35c; Port wine, white, in bbls 90@100c; do dark, $1 25@1 50; whiskey, common, 35@35c; do good, 45@50; cordial, Annisseed, in bbls, $3 50@4; do, in cases, $5@5 50; ale, in pints, $4@4 50; flasks, $5@5 50; champagne, $15@25; Sauternes, Port & Sherry, $5@6; Claret per doz, $2@3; dram wine, 1 dozen cases, $3@3 25; sherry do, $3@3 50; port do, $3@3 50; old rum, do, $7@8; Schiedam gin, do, $4 75@5; ale and porter, English, per dozen, $6@6 50. Tobacco—Manufactured, good, 30@35c; moulds, 35@40c; segars, Havana, $50@60; segars, Manila, Chinese, No 75 $30@40; imitation, $5@$1 50. Oil and Paints—Sperm body oil, per gallon, 60@70c; spermaceti do, $1 50@1 62½; linseed do, $1@1 10; castor do, 60@70c; white lead in tins, per lb, 12@13; assorted colors do, 12@13; Venetian red, per lb, 3@3½c; Spanish brown, 3@3½c; Paris green, 50@60c; Chrome yellow, 30@35c; Chrome green, 30@35c; Chrome red, 30@35c; Prussian blue, 75@80c; Chinese blue, 75@80c; Chinese vermilion, $1 50@1 75; Chinese green, 75@80c; Chinese yellow, 75@80c; Chinese red, 75@80c; Chinese purple, 75@80c; Chinese brown, 75@80c; Chinese orange, 75@80c; Chinese lake, 75@80c; Chinese drab, 75@80c; Chinese stone, 75@80c; Chinese black, 75@80c; Chinese olive, 75@80c; Chinese fawn, 75@80c; Chinese pearl, 75@80c; Chinese slate, 75@80c; Chinese chocolate, 75@80c; Chinese buff, 75@80c; Chinese straw, 75@80c; Chinese ultramarine, 75@80c; Chinese Prussian blue, 75@80c; Chinese Paris green, 75@80c; Chinese Venetian red, 75@80c; Chinese Spanish brown, 75@80c; Chinese Chrome yellow, 75@80c; Chinese Chrome green, 75@80c; Chinese Chrome red, 75@80c; 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Selected Poetry.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's work self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if in current once you would
Meet out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your other mood

Those surely were not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit how'd and bent,
In sad unrest and ill content.

And more—though free from meaning harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or draw entire from Pleasure's Charm;

If then a painful sense comes on,
Of something unduly lost or gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done—

Of something from your Being's Chain
Broke off, nor to be link'd again
By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that *altogether dies*
Bestows man's just decisions.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as does the universal flower,
A self-reviving thing of power.

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future meed;

Knowing Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope, not destroy,
Far better than a *Barren Joy*.

OUR STATE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The South land hath its fields of cane,
The Prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and mands of gold.

Rough, bleak and cold, our little State
Is land of soil, of limits straight.
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks and on her sands
And stormy hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of our Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain!

For well she keeps her ancient stock—
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And kindlier hearts, the Good Old Cause!

Her hands the shepherd's young hands,
Which rear her school the church-spire stands,
Her fears the blinded bigot's rule,
Who'd rather her church spire stands the school!

National Era.

Interesting Sketch.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, before the late foundation of "The Free Church," the congregation did not, as here, possess the right to call their own minister. On the contrary, some lord, or other great landed proprietor—generally one whose ancestors had given largely to the Church—had the sole right to nominate, or present, as it was called in legal phraseology, the minister. For a century past, two parties divided the Church in reference to the effect of such presentation; one contending that the Presbytery was bound to sanction it, the other that the Presbytery had a right to reject the candidate if unworthy or disagreeable to them. This controversy came to a crisis in 1844, when four ministers of the Church left their livings, rather than submit to the dictation of the civil power; and in the succession formed the present "Free Church" of Scotland. The following eloquent article, copied from the Methodist Quarterly Review for October, gives a stirring narrative of the events that led to, and the Christian heroism that characterized, that catastrophe.—*Evening Bulletin.*

In 1834, the General Assembly passed what was termed *the veto act*, asserting that no minister should be forced upon a congregation, the majority of which formerly declared their opposition to his settlement. It was thus at length asserted that the Presbytery had a right to force upon the Church her rulers and teachers, and that the consent of the people was essential to the validity of a call.

This act produced a deep sensation throughout Scotland, and no sinecure looking for its results. A case soon arose to test its operation. The patron of the parish of Auchterarder presented a minister to its living, against whom an overwhelming majority of the congregation solemnly remonstrated. The Presbytery refused to proceed with the induction. The patron and presentee appealed to the Ecclesiastical courts, but they sustained the Presbytery. They then appealed to the civil tribunals, and obtained a decree of the court of session, by a vote of eight to five, pronouncing the veto act illegal, and commanding the Presbytery to obeying it; and afterwards fining it £10,000 for doing what it had solemnly vowed to do—obey its ecclesiastical superiors. An appeal was taken to the House of Lords, and the decision of the civil court sustained.

Here, then, the ecclesiastical and civil authorities were brought into direct conflict. Other cases soon occurred, involving the same principles; the Church of Scotland insisting that she should not be forced to perform spiritual acts by edicts of civil power, and the Government insisting on the right to constrain her to these acts by fines and interdicts. Repeated attempts were made at compromise, by Dr. Chalmers on the part of the Church, and distinguished members of her Majesty's school on the part of the Government; but without success. It at length became evident that the Evangelical party must yield, or must renounce their livings, and go forth, trusting to Him that feeds the ravens. The Government and the Moderate Party seem never to have supposed it possible that a large number of men could renounce all their worldly maintenance, in support of a mere abstraction. Judging from what they knew of human nature, they felt certain that when it came to the stern issue of sacrificing their all, interest would be paramount to principle, and but few would secede.

Such was the state of public feeling in the beginning of 1842. Some hoped that the Evangelicals would be firm; some that they would yield; some believed that the old and dauntless spirit of the Covenant still lingered about the mountains and glens that were hallowed by the blood of martyred witnesses for Christ's crown, and that this spirit would flame out in their sons; others believed that all this display of determination was mere bravado, that would give way in the stern hour of trial.

The eighteenth of May, 1843, was a memorable day for Scotland. Her gray old capital was crowded with the *elite* of the land, who came pouring in from mountain and lowland, to see the last mighty struggle in that contest so long waged between the might of intellect and piety on the one hand, and the might of power and wealth on the other. The grim old towers of Holyrood are graced with the glitter of reflected royalty, and the deep and narrow streets of the Old Town are thronged with eager faces, which scarcely turn to gaze on the glittering pomp of the magnificent train that swept from the ancient palace of the Stuarts to the Cathedral Church of St. Giles. All feel that this day is big with the fate of interests that lie near the throbbing heart of Scotland. The General Assembly, that day to meet, would decide before the setting sun the destiny of the noblest and purest part of the Church of Knox, and Melville, and Henderson.

The Royal Commissioner having held his stately levee, and listened with his glittering retinue to the opening sermon at St. Giles, the procession again moves through a wedged and living mass to the Church of St. Andrew's, where the assembly is to meet. For hours this church has been crowded to suffocation, except in the seats reserved for the members. At length these seats are filled. In the chair, is seated the polished and classic Welsh, whose pure and glowing spirit seems to shine through his too fragile body, like a lamp through a vase of alabaster, and whose knit brow and compressed lip tell of unflinching resolve. Beside him is seen the white-haired Chalmers, whose massive frame and swollen brow bespeak the predominant emotions. Around are gathered men, who, as they think of the quiet homes where dear ones are gathered in agonizing suspense, homes where so many days of joy had been passed, but which that day were to be abandoned by their one act, and these dear ones taken forth to struggle with the anomalous uncertainties of the future, the eye of the husband and father fills with an unbidden tear; but as they remember the high and holy cause to which their sacrifice is to be made, the tear is brushed away, and the heart of the Christian is nerved with new strength for the offering he was now to make on the altar of principle. Soon the bray of trumpets and the clatter of ushers announce the entrance of represented royalty, who is received by the Assembly standing, and greeted by the Moderator as he appears with the customary formalities. The blessing of the Church's great Head is then fervently implored, and there is a breathless pause. A thousand hearts are throbbing with a quickened pulse, and quivering lips are moved with prayer, as the Moderator turns slowly and firmly to the Royal Commissioner, and, for himself and those who shall unite with him, solemnly protests against the organization of the Assembly as not free; against the encroaching acts of the civil power as illegal and unconstitutional; and renounces all connection with an establishment whose head of union had become a yoke of bondage. Then, laying his protest on the table, and bowing to the Commissioner, he abandons the chair and walks towards the Eastern door. It was a moment of intense excitement and suspense. No man knew who would prove firm in the hour of trial, and the Government had been confidently assured that not more than thirty would leave the Establishment in the last issue. Who, then, will follow the noble Welsh? First, there springs to his side the dauntless Chalmers, with his flashing eye and his lion part; another; and another; the men whose names had shed her brightest lustre on the Church; the men who had toiled most faithfully for the destitute and neglected; one by one they rose and swelled the gathering stream, until one hundred and ninety-three seats have been vacated, and the pride and flower of the Church has departed. From the crowded seats and galleries there throng others to share in this glorious exodus, and to lay down their worldly hopes for Christ's crown and covenant, until, to the blank amazement of the startled Commissioner, the whole house seems likely to be emptied, in the excited rush that was made from every part of it, to follow those men who now, with nobler than carnal weapons, "struck for their altars and their fires, God and their native land."

Outside of the house the dense and crowded mass was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. The old clock on the spire had struck three as the Lord Commissioner entered the hall of St. Andrew's, and the anxious crowd, that could neither see nor know what was passing within, was moved with the most eager anxiety. "They will come out," say the sons of the covenant; "they will not prove recreant to us, whom they have led thus far in this contest, and play the coward in the hour of trial." "They will not come out," say others; "they will not pluck the bread out of the mouths of their children for a mere abstraction." Doubts, hopes, and fears were busy, and many an anxious glance was cast at the dial in the tower. The lingering hands point to half-past three, and yet no one appears from within, and no note of indication is given. Have they indeed faltered? Have they proved faithless to the blue bonnet of the covenant? But hark! there comes a sound from within like the rush of many waters, and the cry rises from lip to lip, "They come! they come!" and the living tide begins to pour from the guarded door. There are Welsh, and Chalmers and Candlish, and Cunningham, and Gordon, and Dunlop, and noble and honored names in the Church; and by ones, score by score, hundred by hundred, they press forth in glorious procession, with hearts to dare and hands to do the mighty work before them. The long agony is over; the Church is safe; and strong men who had faced death unmoved amidst the roar of battle are unstrung, and the big tears gush from their eyes as their lips murmur the "Thank God! Scotland is free!" That dense, compacted crowd, where the bayonets of the escort could scarcely open a passage to the scarlet robed Commissioner, now swayed from side to side, like the yielding waters before the rushing prow; and down that living lane, where sobs and tears were mingled with prayers and blessings on these brave men, strode four hundred of Scotland's holiest ministers, and as many of her eldership, ready to do and even to die for the royal rights of the Redeemer. Onward they move silently down the crowded streets that descend toward the Water of Leith, their thoughts busy with the past, the future, the absent, and the dear, until they reach the round towers of Canonmills; and there within the spacious Tanfield Hall, crowded to the roof with eager spectators, they solemnly assemble. As the tremulous voice of Welsh led in prayer, the long pent-up feelings of the vast assembly burst forth in irrepressible sobs and tears of mingled sorrow and gladness; but when the whole multitude stood up, and from four thousand voices there went up, until the towers of Canonmills shook with the thunder of the melody, the high and mournful strains of the old Hebrew faith and fearlessness,—

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In strain a present aid,
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;"

every heart was nerved with holy favor to lay down all for the cross and crown of Christ.

The voice of the whole body called Chalmers to the Chair; and then it would almost seem, that, after a quarter of a century spent in battling for the spiritual freedom of the Church, "the old man eloquent" might utter his *nunc dimittis*, as he presided over the first General Assembly of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

With the stupendous exertions that were then put forth to erect churches, manses, school-houses, and colleges, to send missions to Jews and Heathen, and to set out all the machinery of an efficient Church; with the amazing labors of Chalmers, who travelled over the length and breadth of Scotland, breathing his own burning spirit into every class, what he seemed like the eagle to have renewed his youth; and with the wonderful success that crowned these exertions, we cannot be detained without exceeding our limits. Suffice it to say, that in a great measure by the infusion of his own untiring energy into every class, rank, and age, the stupendous structure of the Free Church went up, like Aladdin's palace, as it were in a single night, and the world stood amazed at the unparalleled spectacle.

Science and Art.

Improved Locomotive.—A new engine has been placed upon the Boston and Worcester Railroad, manufactured by Mr. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, which has some peculiarities about it that should be known to all our engineers. It is made for burning anthracite coal, and has a fire box 6 feet in length, 3½ in width, and about 2 feet in depth, which will contain at least a ton of coal. The fire box is surrounded by a thick and capacious jacket, arranged as to permit the fireman to turn them and shake out the ashes, even when the doors of the fire-box are closed.

It is 28 tons weight, with two driving wheels 7 feet in diameter, and the least distance apart of wheels—the driving wheels being in the centre. It is made so that the adhesive power or weight may be thrown upon the driving wheels, for the purpose of ascending steep grades, and this adhesive power can be concentrated or spread over the whole of the wheels, according to the occasion. We understand that for a short distance it attained the speed of 50 miles per hour. Mr. Whistler, Jr., C. E., spoke very highly of Mr. Winans' coal burning engines in his report, on the Reading Railroad, Pa. Working drawings, and a full description of one of them will be found in Mr. Emil Keuta's new work, "American Locomotives."

Improvement in the Construction of Wagons and Carriages.—Mr. James Patterson, of Franklinville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., has made a most excellent improvement in the construction of carriages and wagons, which must ultimately, in our opinion, be of no little pecuniary benefit to himself and the same to the public, as carriages, &c., can be made cheaper and of greater strength by his improvement. By an improvement in the hub of the wheel-hub, no matter how much it may wear, it can be repaired at a very small cost, and made as good as new. The sales are formed upon an improved principle, and the reach, braces and the fille, can be taken to pieces in a few seconds, packed up into a very small bulk, and put together again in equally as short a period. The most singular thing about it is, that there is only one screw bolt used in the whole of it, to unite the two diagonal braces to the reach, and yet every brace can be taken apart by itself. The inventor has taken measures to secure it by patent.

To Make Boiling Soap.—Take a small piece of burnt unslaked lime, say 1½ oz., and add to it in a mortar, 1 oz. of muriate of ammonia, rub them well together, and you will perceive the pungent smell of ammoniacal gas. Observation—The muriatic acid—spirit of salt—of the sal-ammoniac has a greater affinity for lime than ammonia, it therefore leaves the ammonia and combines with the lime, forming the muriate of lime, while the ammoniacal gas is set at liberty.

Volatile Salt Short Bottles.—Fill small wide mouthed phials with the smelling salts, and add a drop or two of essence of lemon to each, thus superior scent bottles will be formed; the ingredients at a hundred of them would not cost two shillings, and at the same time superior to the most that are made.

To Make Water of Ammonia, Hartshorn—Put into a retort put some quicklime, broken small, along with muriate of ammonia, let the beak of the retort be immersed in water, and apply a lamp below the retort; the ammonia gas will be given out, and passing into the receiver nearly full of water, it will be absorbed by the water, forming water of ammonia.

To Make Solder for Steel-Joints.—Silver 19 pennyweights, copper 1 part, and brass 2 part.—Melt under a crust of charcoal-dust.

Keystone's Metal for Turning.—Malleable iron, 1 lb., heat to whiteness; add regulus of antimony, 5 oz., and Molacca tin 24 lbs.

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Wit and Humor.

CUTTING A FELLOW OUT.

THE ADVENTURES OF A VICTIM.

I once attempted to cut a fellow out, that is, poke my nose into his business, meddling with the affections of his gal, and got kicked for my pains. She is a nice gal, a fine gal is Mary Haines.

Levi Smith had been her acknowledged admirer for several years. He attended to all her little affairs of sociability, and it was said that they were, and for a long time had been engaged to be married—that I believe is the explanation. I would not say a word against Levi for the world; but somehow, it had become impressed upon my mind, that he was a spoony; besides he kicked me; I can't forget that; I would forget it if I could. 'Twas the happiest moment of my life; I felt proud, tickled, to think I'd been kicked by a Smith. He kicked me with a heartiness that convinced me he was in earnest, and thought he was serving me right. True, I felt mortified at the same time, not that I was kicked. Oh! Smith! Levi Smith! you kicked me in the presence of Mary Haines—and for what?

Smith courted Mary about five years before I ever thought of upsetting his applecart. Everybody, because it is customary to meddle with the business of everybody else, wondered why they did not get married; old folks said it was scandalous; young folks said they would not stand it; and the girls occasionally said they would rack him off; I considered the matter and concluded to cut him out and take her myself, as the whole figure, boasting the fortress and carry off the prize. I long had cherished a sneaking notion, and now I determined to let my feelings have full sway. Accordingly I opened a talk with Mary on the subject—I appealed to my admiration for her. I tickled her concert with the long straw of flattery—I pitched into Smith until her dander raised up—I convinced her that Smith was trifling with her feelings; that fixed her first, and she launched into my arms with a rush—it was all over; I loved her and she loved me. But how to get rid of Smith? For three weeks we held a two hours's conversation each day; and every day grew fonder of each other—but how to get rid of Smith? It was the first thing thought of when we met, and the last thing spoken of when we parted. At last we settled upon a plan which we deemed honorable, and just the thing for our comfort. To tell the truth, I did not feel altogether tranquil when I reflected upon the fact of my going the whole length into Mary's affections, knowing that she was engaged to him, and that she was deceiving Smith or myself, possibly myself, more probable Smith. One day Smith came to our house on a business errand. I drummed up sufficient courage to invite him on a walk with me down the brook, a goodly distance from the house, where we could not be interrupted. Once there, I seated myself on a log, and invited him to help himself to another, and the following conversation took place:

"I should like to know why you have trotted me away down here?"

"Smith," said I, emphatically, and at the same time putting on a look of awful portent, "Smith, I will tell you."

"Well, out with it; what do you look so confoundedly silly for?"

"Silly, Smith! Do you love Mary Haines?"

"None of your business."

"Business, Smith? Do you intend to marry Mary?"

"Why, you infernal Dunkey!"

"Donkey, Smith? Are you feeling Mary Haines?"

"Feeling the d—l? What's the matter with you?"

"Matter, Smith! I love Mary Haines, I intend to marry her."

"I have a good intention of giving you a thrashing!"

"Thrashing, Smith? I would not feel Mary!"

"No, I don't think you would; you're too big a fool for that."

"Am I, Smith? Look here, Smith, I am going to cut you out."

"If you go there, I'll kick you out."

"Now, Smith, keep cool, and listen. You have courted Mary Haines for five years."

"That's none of your business."

"And everybody says that you are fooling her. Now, if you are courting her for the sport of it, there, I calculate that I have a perfect right to go in for the sport, too; but if you intend to marry her, I won't interfere. Now."

"Well, what next?"

"Do you intend to marry her?"

"I told you before, that is none of your business—and if I catch you poking your ugly nose round the house, I'll punch your head for you. Now, don't open your lips again, but just think over how you can best profit by my advice to you. Be careful of your stupid pate, that's all."

Levi Smith travelled. I stuck to the rock.

At first I was stunned with his display of stupidity in not appreciating my disinterested intentions; then indignant that he treated me so cavalierly; by-and-bye, furious to think that I had condescended to inform him of the laudable motives that had induced me to cut him out. Finally, I pulled off my boots and wading after pollywogs, in shallow water, thinking that it might cool me off, and thinking of Mary Haines, I got out of my depth and put my head into a hole, and down I went all over into the creek, which, instead of cooling my ardor, aroused a fierce desire to fling Levi Smith; not forgetting that he was considerable of a man, and I considerable of a boy some six or seven years his junior, and in size, I have the same relation to him that a pony has to a horse to a cord of wood. For all that, I felt that my pluck was equal to his big body, and if opportunity had offered just then, I should have taken efficient measures to secure to myself a most comfortable thrashing; but the least said about it, the sooner the better. Suffice it to say, I was boiling over with indignation, and as snappish as a hyena after a brisk stirring up, and in that very pleasant state of mind, made Mary Haines a visit. Walking into the house, I stared my sweetheart without announcing my approach by a series of raps on the door-panel, I made direct for her parlor, and as I stepped over the threshold was struck hard enough to fell an ox, by the discovery of Levi and Mary snugly stowed away in one corner engaged in the amiable and gratifying (to them) pastime, sometimes denominating hugging and kissing. I made a sort of a stop, sudden.

"Good evening," said Mary, in no wise disconcerted.

I dropped into the nearest chair and brought my left leg to horizontal, resting over my right knee, and then hung my straw hat over my boot and stumped Levi to knock it off.

"Stump me, do you?"

"I stump you—dare ye."

No sooner said than done. Smith stepped promptly up and gave my hat a kick that sent it flying out of the parlor into the entry, then applied the toe of his boot to me in a manner that sent me out of the front door. I thought I had never encountered a fellow more powerful in his legs. He did not follow me out—if he had, hang me if I don't think we would have met with something that would probably have induced him to body-kick me the whole of it, to outdo the two diagonal braces to the reach, and yet every brace can be taken apart by itself. The inventor has taken measures to secure it by patent.

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Scene in Church.—The following, from a correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, in a letter from Beaufield, Ct., is not bad:

A lady from New York, was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight; he leaned back to the gallery, he stretched his neck; he got on the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him, and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with straining eyes.

"Sit down," said his mother.

"I won't," he cried, so as to be heard all around, "*I want to see the monkey!*"

There is quite a party in our church opposed to the organ, and they tell this story with great gusto. It isn't bad, is it?

A Letter or Pope.—Once a gentleman, who had the marvellous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange peel, was displaying his abilities at a dinner party before Theodore Hook and Mr. Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and, after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, gave it up with the exclamation, "Hang the pig! I can't make one."

"Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the moon on the table, "you have done more; instead of making one pig, you have made a *letter*."

A Parenthesis.—Some years since, as old Doctor G. was returning to his residence in Worcester, from a fire which had broken out in a neighboring farmer's barn, he was accosted, rather unceremoniously, by a cockney of the first water, and, withal, a journeyman tailor, thus:

"Doctah, how far have the good citizens of Worcestah succeeded in extinguishing the luminary that is consuming the poor yeomah's barn?"

With an expression that struck terror to the soul of the dandy, the doctor replied:

"Young man, you had better take a dose of physic!"

Selected Articles.

GEOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE.

Notwithstanding the prejudices which have existed, and which yet exist in the minds of many good men against geology, it seems to us that this science is destined to make itself more serviceable in the defence of truth against the hosts of error and infidelity, than almost any of its sister sciences. It is more nearly related to man and his concerns. It explains the changes and revolutions which have taken place on the planet which he inhabits. Its whole course of investigation is admirably suited to bring out from independent sources, classes of facts which have a very direct bearing upon the history of the race, as recorded in the Bible. All its discoveries tend to show that the human race has been on the earth, not far from the time specified in the Scriptures. Geology supplies several very important links, in some of those chains of argument, by which Christian writers have aimed to cut down the reasonings of atheists and infidels. We will briefly indicate some of the uses of this science in this respect.

Geology has already established it as a fixed fact—a scientific truth—that all orders of organic existences, vegetable and animal, which have existed, or which now exist on the earth, have had a beginning in time. This science, in its explorations, has gone back to a period, antecedent to these organic forms, and following down the course of time from this remote point, it sees them, rising into being one after another in long succession. It is a demonstrated truth, that not very long ago, the human race had no existence. The earth had been in existence from a much more remote period, but no such being as man was to be found upon it. So, too, if we take any order of animals or vegetables, it is easily shown that there was a time when they did not exist. We see all these organic forms continued from generation to generation, without material change, by their established law of succession. But in the case of each of these series, geology demonstrates that it only goes back to a certain point, more or less remote, in time, and there it is beginning. So the Bible teaches, and so we believe without reference to what geology has shown to be the fact. But when any one attempts to play the part of an infidel in argument, and to carry back the infinite series, it is very convenient to draw proofs, made ready at our hands, from *science*. The Bible he will not heed, but he cannot reject established science without bringing upon himself contempt.

The celebrated argument of Paley to prove the existence of God, was long ago found to contain a single flaw. His argument is, that design, or *finess to an end*, implies a *designer*. And then he accumulates instances drawn from the organic world to show how every thing about us reveals these marks of design. His examples are admirably chosen, and made to bear most skilfully upon the end he had in view; and his argument is entirely satisfactory to minds already disposed to believe. But *logically* it is defective; for in the being or nature of God himself, we have a cause for the great work which He is perpetually accomplishing. And yet this *Nature to an end*, in *Him* does not argue a designer. To complete the argument of Paley, and make it perfect, it is necessary to supply that link, which geology enables us easily to supply. It is necessary to show that these designs in nature are *logic designs*—that there was a time when they did not exist—were not to be found. Now geology demonstrates there was such a time—a period when none of those curious traits of design which now so interest and wonders were going on. Who set them in motion?

Hume's celebrated argument against the New Testament miracles is in substance this—"In all our experience, we have seen known nature, in her operations, deviate from fixed and established laws. The course of the world, so far as we have observed, proceeds by uniform rules. When a man is once dead, he does not return to life—when a man is *here blind*, we expect him to remain so ever after. There are certain seas and countries which have winds and calms peculiar to them. In Egypt and the Persian Gulf, during the summer, a burning wind, which stops respiration and consumes everything, very frequently prevails. At the Cape of Good Hope a cloud is sometimes seen to rest on a certain mountain, which we call a cloud, or one-eye, at first it is very small, but soon visibly increases, and a furious tempest proceeds from it, which overturns ships, and precipitates them to the bottom of the sea.

Uncertain and variable winds, which have no determinate direction or duration, prevail over the greatest part of the globe; for though certain winds may blow more frequently in one place than in another, they do not return at fixed intervals, but begin and end without any regularity, and vary in proportion as different causes interrupt the equilibrium of the air. Heat and cold, rain and fine weather, mountains, straits, capes and promontories may contribute, in a considerable degree, to impede their course and change their directions. No doubt many other causes, which are unknown to us, influence the different modifications and agitations of the air.

What is particularly remarkable, and daily occurs almost every place, is, that a little before sunrise the air is perfectly still and calm, when, in a few moments after, just at the break of morning, a pretty brisk East wind begins to rise at the approach of the sun, and continues some time after he is risen. This undoubtedly proceeds from the air, heated by the rays of the rising sun, becoming rarefied, and by its consequent expansion displaces the contiguous air, and then produces an East wind, which ceases as the surrounding air also becomes heated. For similar reasons an East wind usually arises about noon, and a terrical zone, and blow much stronger than in this country, because the sun's power here is much less than in the regions bordering upon the line.—The wind, then, in the torrid zone, constantly blows from the East to West, whilst a west wind very rarely prevails in those parts.

From these observations we learn that winds are not the effects of chance, without either cause or design. In these, as in every thing else, the Creator manifests His wisdom and goodness; and He has so arranged them, that they are continually rising, and a dead calm very seldom happens. He regulates the motion, power, and duration of the winds, and prescribes to them the course they ought to take. Their very diversity is of use; for when a long drought has made plants and animals languish and droop, a wind proceeds from the sea-coast, loaded with exhalations, waters the meadows, and gives new animation to nature. When this object is accomplished, a dry wind coming from the east restores the serenity of the air, and brings back fine weather. The north wind brings along with it numerous frozen particles, and purifies the autumnal air from its noxious vapors. Lastly, to the sharp north wind succeeds the south wind, and coming from the southern regions, it diffuses a grateful warmth through the air. Thus these continual variations of the winds to preserve health and fertility in the earth.

Who can make such reflections as these, and not adore God, in whose hand are all the elements, and whose word either binds them fast, or calms their strife? At His command the storms and tempests rose, and, bursting from the ocean's depths, rush to the earth's utmost boundary; when again, at His word, all is still and hushed, as on an autumnal evening, when not a breeze plays on the surface of the deep.

A Good Memory.—Miss Louisa West, a girl fifteen years of age, at Georgetown, Kentucky, committed to memory, accurately, the whole New Testament, in six weeks, at the same time attending to her other domestic duties.

A GHOST STORY.

[The following story is taken from Mr. Kennedy's Life of William Wirt," recently published—where it appears as one of Mr. Wirt's early reminiscences, written by him for his children. The end is rather abrupt, but we give it as we find it.]

There was another incident to which this wedding gave rise. A dance was given, on a subsequent night, to the wedding party, at our house. When the company had danced themselves weary, Tattison proposed to close the evening by raising a ghost. The matrons objected to it, as a light and impious trifling with solemn subjects; but Tattison assured them, with equal gravity, that he had the power of raising any ghost they would call for, and that he could give them conclusive proof of it; that if any one would go up stairs and consent to be locked up in the room farthest removed from the company below, the stair door should also be locked, so that no possible communication could be held between the persons above and those below. After this the company might fix on a ghost whom he, the operator, would cause to appear to the person up stairs. The graver part of the company still discouraged the experiment; but the curiosity of the younger and more numerous prevailed, and nothing was wanting but a sitter up stairs to enable the Frenchman to give proof of his skill in the black art. After some hesitation amongst all, a Mr. Brice, of Alexandria, agreed to be elected. He was accordingly taken up stairs. The door of the room into which he was introduced was locked, and after that the door of the stair below, which opened from the stairs upon the dancing room. Tattison then asked for a shovel of live coals, some salt, brimstone, and a case-knife. Whilst these things were getting, he proposed that the women should, in a whispering consultation, agree upon the ghost to be raised; and report it secretly to him. This was done; and the guest agreed upon was to be that of John Francis, a little, supernaturated sixe-maker, who had died some years before—in his latter days a lusticrous person, whose few remaining locks were snowy white, with a nose as red as Randolph's, and eyes of chrome—and who was accustomed to sing, with a paralytic shake of the head and tremulous voice,—

"What did we come here for? what did we come here for?
We come here to prittle prattle,
And to make the glasses rattle;
And that's what we came here for."

The habit of drink was so inveterate upon him that he had not been able to walk for some years before his death, except with the help of another, and then with but a tottering step. The announcation of his name was answered by a half-suppressed laugh around the room. The difficulty of the Frenchman's task was supposed to be not a little increased by attempting to make John Francis's ghost walk alone. He, however, nothing daunted, began his incantations, which consisted of sprinkling salt and brimstone on the coals, muttering over them a charm in some sort of gibberish, and knocking solemnly on the stair door with the butt of his case-knife. These strokes on the door were as regular as the tolling of a bell, each series closing with a double knock—then came a pause, another series of knocks closed by another double stroke, and so on to the end of the ceremony.

The process was long and solemn, and there was something in the business itself, and in the sympathy with the imagined terrors of the visitant, to impart a solemn interest to the whole, entering into a nervous stillness akin to that of young children listening to a ghost story at midnight. In about half an hour the ceremony was closed, in a shower of blows and the agitated cries of the Frenchman, who was heard to fall on the floor above. The Frenchman rushed up stairs at the head of several of the company; and there our sitter was found on the floor in a swoon. He was brought to with the aid of cold water, and on reviving, said he had seen a man enter the room with a coal of fire on his nose, and on his forehead written in fire the name of John Francis.—It was agreed, on all hands, to be very strange—and many shook their heads significantly at Tattison, intimating that he knew more than he ought, and that it was not very clear he was fit company for Christian people. No one was disposed to renew the dance, and the party broke up. The Frenchman, with his characteristic politeness, flew to the door to help the ladies down the steps, when he saw, standing outside of the door, close at hand, a gigantic phantom arrayed in white and arms stretched wide, as if to receive him. He shrieked, leaped from the steps, and disappeared.

DIVERSITY OF WINDS.

The variation of the winds is considerable. In some places they are constant during the whole year, always blowing in the same direction; in others they change at certain periods, and observe certain and regular laws. In the open sea, between the tropics, they are for some degrees beyond them, an easterly wind continues all the year round without any considerable variation. To the north-east, and to the south of the line it blows towards the south-east, and that more or less according to the position of the sun. This, to be sure, is a constant wind, in the open sea; for when islands and great continents obstruct the progress of this wind, they may change its course, and in certain places make it take a north-east direction. In the southern parts of the ocean a westerly wind is nearly as easily to supply. It necessary to show that these designs in nature are *logic designs*—that there was a time when they did not exist—were not to be found. Now geology demonstrates there was such a time—a period when none of those curious traits of design which now so interest and wonders were going on. Who set them in motion?

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MEDICINAL QUALITIES OF THE GRAPE.

The New York Commercial, in an article on the Grape, states that this fruit is one of the best and most wholesome medicines. This affords an additional inducement for the culture of this popular fruit. The Commercial says:

"In the vineyard districts of France, Spain and other wine-growing countries, the medicinal properties of the grape are well-known and highly-prized. The free use of this fruit, as we are advised, has a most salutary effect upon the animal system, diluting the blood, removing obstructions in the liver, kidneys, spleen and other important organs, giving a healthy tone and vigor to the circulation, and generally augmenting the strength of the entire animal economy. In diseases of the liver, and especially in that monster compound affection, dyspepsia, the salutary and potent influence of a "grape diet" is well-known in France. The inhabitants of the vineyard districts are never afflicted with these diseases, which fact, however, alone would not be conclusive evidence of the medicinal qualities of peasant life is rarely marred with this class of ailments; but hundreds who are thus afflicted yearly resort to the vineyard districts for the sake of what is known as the 'grape cure'—and the remedy seems to be a cure except in very long, protracted and inveterate cases, which are beyond the reach of medicinal remedies. The invigorating influence of the ripe gr